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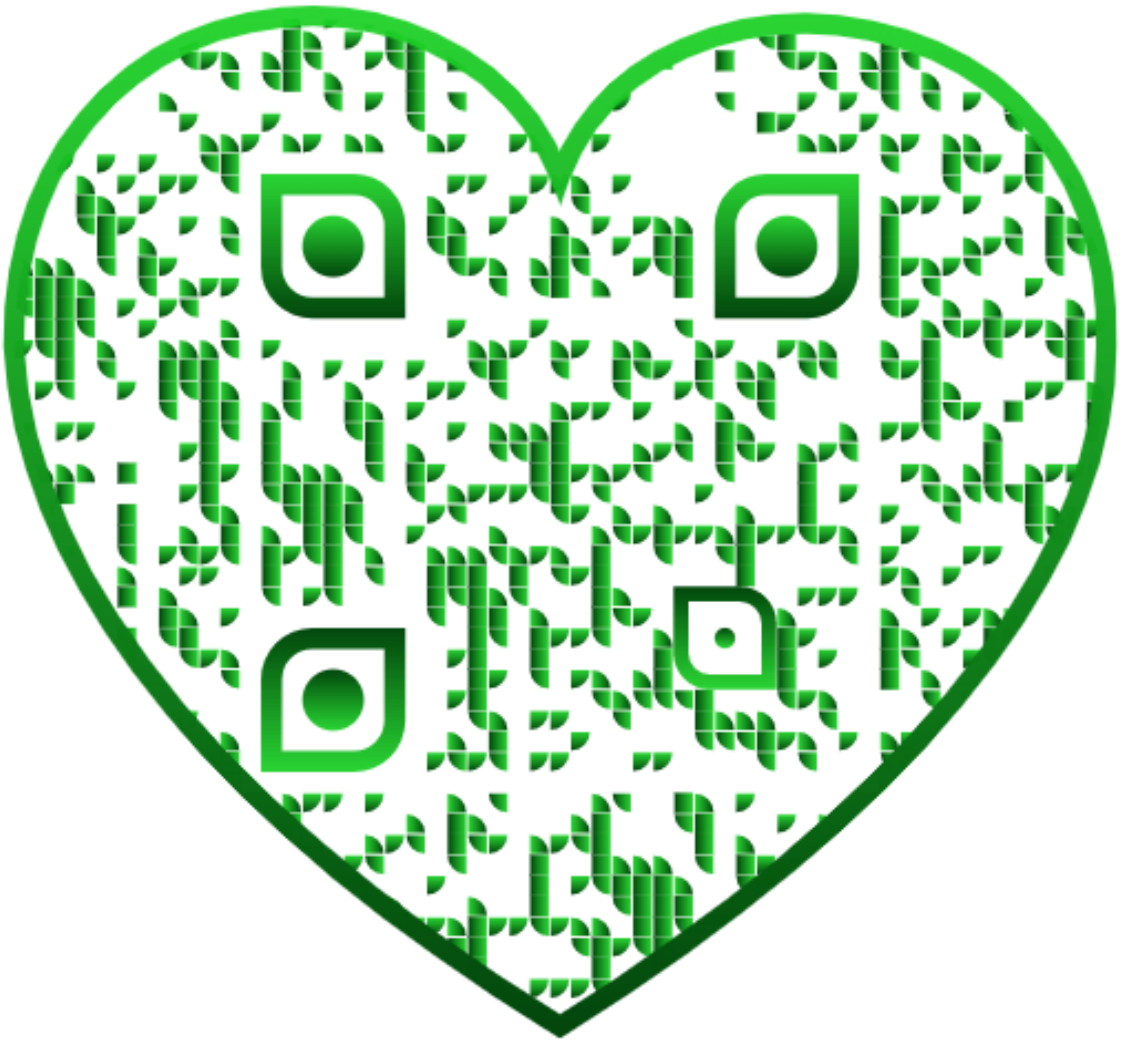

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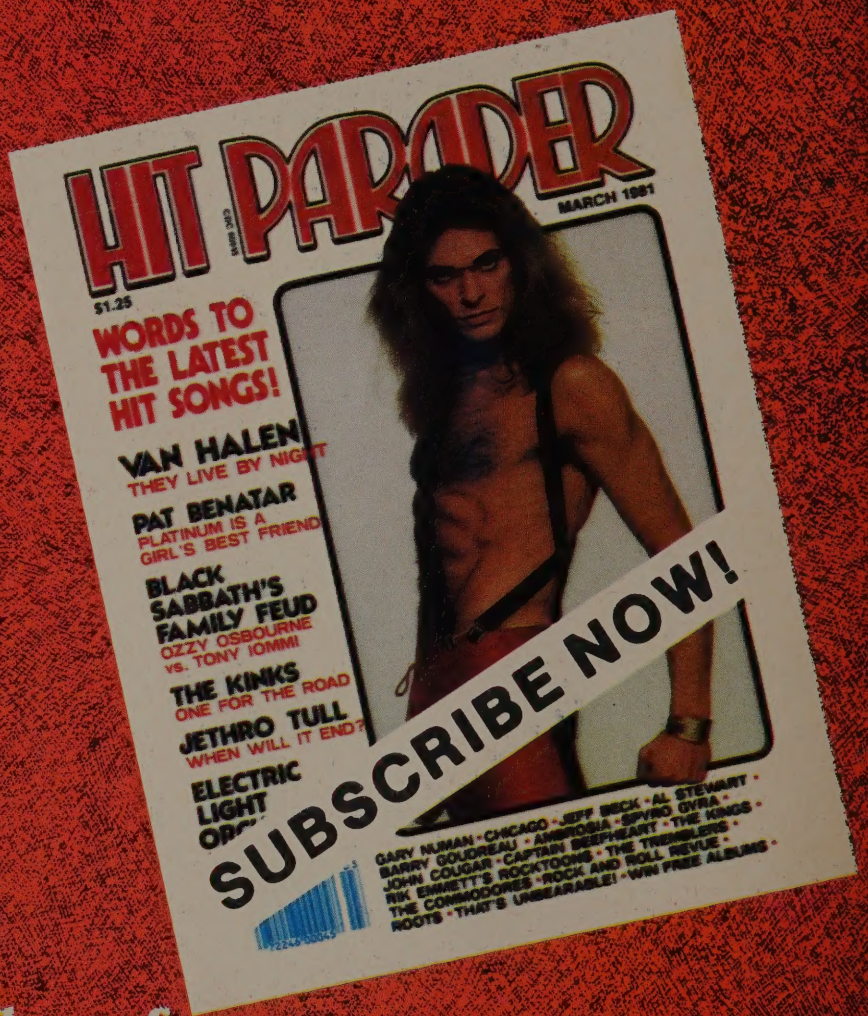
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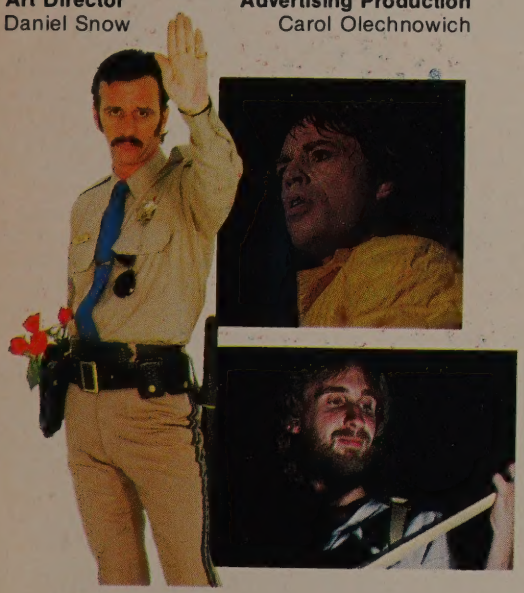

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COVER STORY

THE POLICE — 4
Straight Shooting

FEATURES

MEAT LOAF — 12
An Acquired Taste

ELVIS COSTELLO — 14
Southern Comfort

THE KINKS — 25
Seventeen Year Itch

AC/DC's ANGUS YOUNG — 28
In His Own Words

CARMINE APPICE — 31
Different Drummer

GENESIS — 36
Best & Brightest

MARIANNE FAITHFULL — 38
Triumph of the Will

JON ANDERSON — 41
And Then There Were None

ROLLING STONES EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW — 57
More Than Meets The Eye

DOOBIE BROTHERS — 60
Walk on the Wild Side

DEPARTMENTS

THAT'S UNBEARABLE — 8
Eddie Van Halen & Valerie Bertinelli

ROCK & ROLL REVUE: ARMPIT OSCARS — 10

WE READ YOUR MAIL — 11

HIT PARADER T-SHIRTS: BILLY SQUIER — 13

TRIUMPH GUITAR CONTEST — 15

RECORD REVIEWS — 22

CELEBRITY RATE-A-RECORD: THE TUBES — 24

ROOTS: DONNIE IRIS — 30

CENTERFOLD: RINGO STARR — 32

PICK HIT: GREG LAKE — 34

SHOOTING STARS — 35
Survivor, Billy Idol, Quarterflash, Diesel

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIT PARADE — 39
Steven Tyler, Joe Elliott, Guy Speranza: Their All-Time Favorite LPs

ROCK POLL — 39
Win Free QUEEN and OZZY OSBOURNE LPs

HIT PARADER SPORTS CHALLENGE: POINT BLANK — 40

CAUGHT IN THE ACT — 62
Def Leppard & Blackfoot

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THE FEW... THE PROUD...

THE POLICE

Straight Shooting From The Band Who Would Be King

by Ray Bonici

I distinctly remember the first time I met the Police. It was over 4 years ago. Stewart Copeland, Sting and Andy Summers took turns answering phones and making coffee at manager Miles Copeland's Illegal Records; took turns getting on each other's nerves over the lack of interest from the public, who had dubbed them as "boring old farts."

"We were very unfashionable with the punk intelligentsia," recalls Stewart, "and my brother Miles thought we were awful. So the punk-o-meter, as he was called in those days, gave us the thumbs down. The public had spotted aspects of the group which had nothing to do with music. They were suspicious of us and rightly so because we were not all that great and we were attempting to do something which we were not qualified to do. We were not good enough. It was only later that we became good and obviously changed people's minds."

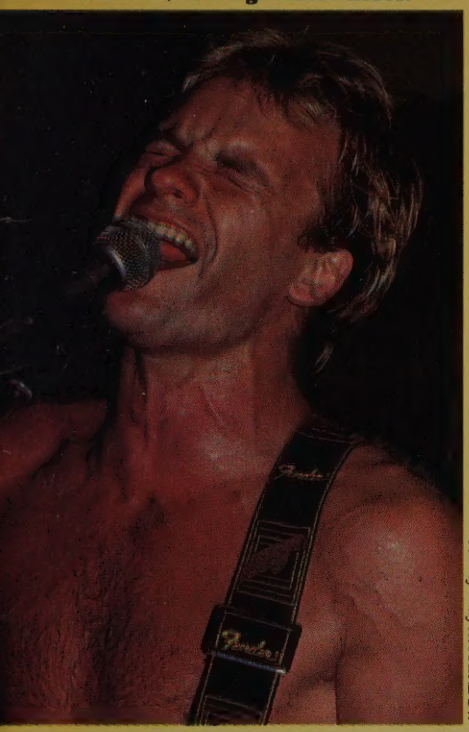
The Police had just bleached their hair for a Wrigley's Chewing Gum commercial. They looked a mess. Money was scarce and peroxide was expensive. They asked me for 10 bucks. I didn't oblige. I thought it was a joke. It probably wasn't, since no record company would touch them with a barge pole, and above all they had a manager who disliked the band. So the trio went round London pasting up posters for their gigs and promoting themselves in the best possible way ... direct contact with the public and ramming Police ideals down their throats.

Yes, those were the good old days. The days when privacy was their worst enemy. Now the Police are just millionaires, possessors of gold and platinum albums and a couple of homes in places where they can comfortably dash off when the taxman comes for afternoon tea.

So how different are pretty Sting and Co. from the "pasting up posters" days? Very different. They're richer, they strive for privacy, and are

The Police, from left: Andy Summers, Sting and Stewart Copeland — "We're not your average idiot musicians."

Lead singer Sting, not just another face in the crowd: "I can't go into a department store without being stared at, as if I got three noses."



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probably unhappy with the fact that the horrors of fame and fortune are constantly choking them. They almost look like younger versions of Howard Hughes. Andy and Stewart say that they live their own life as they wish it. But not Sting. He's the face that millions like to hang on their walls. His worst enemies are probably the ones he's got to sing to ... those millions of screaming teenage girls, who often sleep outside his London home in the hope of getting a glimpse of him when he takes his dog out in the morning. These are the fans who cause hysteria at their gigs. Something unseen since the Beatles days. Recently Stewart described Sting: "Not only does he hate humanity, but every human within the species, except for his wife and son." Confused? Read on.

There is no one word that would describe their personalities collectively. They are as individual as red, gold and green.

Sting: He is shy, quiet, withdrawn, polite, a good vocalist, bassist and a brilliant jazzer.

Stewart: What can one say about the Copelands? Son of the famous ex-CIA man, he is often labelled as a loud mouth, a lover of Middle-Eastern politics, fascinated by Klark Kent, a possessor of the ultimate ego and the "American Dream." A good drummer.

Andy: He is often projected as a foul-mouthed ego-tripper, a lover of U.S. politics and a damn good guitarist.

Then there is the fourth member. Their manager Miles Axe Copeland III, a person who often makes people feel extremely intimidated, and the king of loud mouths.

Actually, Miles, Sting, Stewart and Andy are extremely nice guys, charming and friendly, when you know how to handle them. Their negativity towards the music industry came because nobody wanted to know or listen to them when they probably needed "the break." This is how diverse the Police can be, as Andy explained to me yesterday.

"People often get the wrong impression of Miles. Well, he is straight and honest and he doesn't like wasting time. In fact, this is why people say nasty things about him. I think he's a great person, a good manager and a very good friend."

This may sound strange coming from a person who Miles once thought was just "a waste of time in the Police, an old fashioned-type guitarist and an old guy." But then again Miles didn't believe in Sting either. He thought he was too much of a jazz singer.

One has to admire how the Police struck it rich, though. They did it through lots of hard work on their own. They toured the world umpteen times; went to India, Egypt, Rio, Bali and just about every other place no other band would dare tread. They gained lots of publicity from that. In the meantime, the Police issued four albums. The latest, **Ghost In The Machine**, is their best and most expressive, covering a whole load of socio-politics, philosophy and good music. The rest is just history really.

"We're not your average idiot musicians," informs Stewart on the subject of how the Police function and how they eventually became successful. "We've been able to avoid being manipulated by the business. There were rules that groups had to obey in order to make records. We didn't, because we make our own music by our own rules. We are three very broad-minded musicians who have a clear-cut idea on what we want to do and are still a very serious, committed band."

"We fight a lot about our music," responds Sting. "But I think because of that our music is of excellent quality."

"For some time we had been looking for our own style and we found it gradually," they all suggested. Eureka!

The Police found their style through practicing night after night the dub drumming Stewart stole from the Bob Marley and the Wailers sound. They presented it at their gigs, for which they got paid the precious sum of 10 bucks.

"I made sure that we got paid every night," added Stewart. "You see, if Sting didn't get his $5 a night, because he had a wife and child to feed, then I would have lost him. He wasn't too optimistic about what we were doing then. I always believed that Sting was the best singer in the world, the guy who would take over the world and the ultimate rock and roll star. If it weren't for the fact that I could hold on to him and say, 'Look, this is your band and you are going to be successful in your own right,' I would have lost him. Being a provincial boy from Newcastle, Sting didn't know too much about rock and roll, and the music scene, but he wasn't gullible. He was highly suspicious and still is.

"Sting was a jazz musician and jazz musicians look down their noses at rock. It took him a while to get into the genuine atmosphere of rock and roll. At first I had to talk him into it, you know. However, I personally think that Sting would still have been successful no matter what he did because he's a real talented guy. But I am glad that I talked him into making it happen with the Police and I think he is too, because ultimately there is more freedom than there is in the jazz world."

"Absolute bullshit!" exclaimed the ex-jazzer when I told him what Stewart had said about him. "Stewart likes to think of me as being a naive jazz musician from the north. Stewart makes up myths about me."

But he's also very proud of you.

"Absolutely. But the stories he's made up and that he makes others believe are not true. At that time the Police were just an idea of Stewart's that had failed. So the group died off. Later, when I started writing songs and Andy came in, it did work. So this whole history thing that Stewart has scooped up is actually not true."

As said earlier, the Police are very much individual personalities. Stewart talks a lot, Andy is a cynical optimist, and Sting hardly talks at all. It is for this latter reason that Stewart talks about his spikey-haired friend.

"Maybe I don't actually need to talk a lot because I get enough publicity for myself to be able to say 'I don't need to talk to anybody,' " replied Sting. "I think it's good to keep your opinions to yourself in many cases. I don't want to tell people about my life, my inspirations or whatever, because I feel I give enough in songs I write and through my performance on stage and my films. I don't see talking to journalists as being a major part of my job, no offense to you. But yeah Stewart likes to talk. He has to talk to make up for an imbalance in the way the media treats us. The media treats me as being a star and they treat Andy and Stewart as being less than that.

"I don't mind being put up there," he continued. "The danger is if you make yourself too accessible. That's why every now and then we disappear because too much exposure will make people fed up with you rather easily. In fact I was glad that Adam & The Ants became huge and successful because that took away some of the attention that we had constantly been getting. Now I'll be able to concentrate on my work, write better songs and be taken as more than just a face. So I would say, yes there is a grave danger in being over-exposed.

Opposite page photo by Lynn Goldsmith/©LGI

People could quickly get bored with my face or my voice."

Although Andy and Stewart won't openly admit it, there is a certain amount of jealousy that sometimes shows in their interviews. However, the general assumption that Andy and Stewart are therefore closer to each other than to Sting is not accurate.

"It depends on whether we are recording or writing songs," they both said, "or whether it is a social thing. No, there isn't any particular distance between Sting and us. We are all together as a unit."

Stewart goes into further details: "I suppose it would be natural for us to be jealous of him, but it doesn't really happen that way because I always knew that it would happen anyway. I've always expected Sting to explode on the world. I don't mind the attention that Sting gets, and I don't mind Sting's face on a magazine cover instead of mine because Sting's face is my face ... it's the band's face. The identity of the group can be expressed with one face and, practically speaking, that's a much more efficient image for a group to have. I've had all the personal visual fame I need when I was with Curved Air, and I'm not the sort of person that once I get a taste of it I just want more and more."

"Every day there used to be an expedition of girls in the street looking for my home."

You're kidding.

"No I'm not. Just as long as I have a group that I enjoy playing in and I get to take home some money, that's fine with me."

"I'm honestly saying that I'm in the Police because I enjoy playing music," replied Andy. "I'm happy to play the guitar, and I want to be able to do that in a group."

So theoretically Sting should be grateful that Stewart discovered him in the beginning. Did Sting ever thank him?

"No, that's not in his nature," Stewart muttered. "But we thanked each other for ... I mean the Police is not only Sting. The Police is Sting and Andy and me and the things that we do together. Sting without me would be a jazz musician. I, without Sting, would probably be playing lesser material. We owe a lot to each other obviously. So it's not a question of him being thankful to me for discovering him. In fact, if you tell Sting that I discovered him he will probably clobber you."

I did and he didn't clobber me. "Bullshit," he kept on saying.

Success, for Sting, means that he is constantly interrupted and leading a life where his next twelve months are planned on a chart down to the last second. In a radio interview recently this is what Sting had to say.

"Scary, isn't it?" he pointed out. "There's tours, interviews, I got half an hour to write a song, ten minutes to say hello to the wife, five minutes to read a story to my kid. The rest of the time is taken up by the Police and becoming the biggest group in the world."

"You're saying that with tongue in cheek. Is that an ambition? Surely not?" asked the DJ.

"Why not?" Sting continued. "It's available to us. It won't make us any happier, but we are on a ladder and it's a ladder that if you don't climb up you go down. It's almost like the wrong way up an escalator.

"My life certainly isn't easier," Sting told me when I visited him at his home in London. "In many ways it's very difficult because I have a wife and child at home and I'm never here, and I have to keep the two things together. And I have to write songs and the pressure is on me to write more and get better. There are lots of worries but at the same time my life is very full. It's exciting and I wouldn't have it any other way. This is what I've been striving for, for years. So I suppose I'm glad about what's happening to me, but at the same time it's difficult and it could become boring.

"For instance, I am not interested in having record after record out and be number one in the charts. We've done that. My ambition these days is not to sell millions of records. I have sold enough records to last me for the rest of my life.

"However, there is one thing that I'm afraid of and that is losing contact with the audience. (Sounds strange coming from a man who Stewart says "hates humanity.") I'm referring to being on stage, because off stage I was never in close contact with my fans. The fans are much younger than me, and they are not really part of my generation. So there's a danger in that. But I'm not really interested in, let's say, seeing myself all the time on TV or in the papers. That's purely a side effect of what I do. And it was never my ambition to become a popstar or a celebrity or an idol."

So does this make you a bit less egotistical?

"No!" he strongly replied. "I'm very egocentric and I always have been. I was always very ambitious. I wanted to become a well-respected working musician who is known, but I didn't really want to be what I am at the moment. I can't go into a department store without being stared at, as if I got three noses. I'm stared at a lot. People know who I am and they're amazed to see somebody famous. It just makes life a bit weird. I can't go anywhere without being stopped, recognized or stared at."

©Sheri Lynn Behr

Stewart Copeland: "If Sting wants to throw his weight around and take over, no way am I going to let him do that."

"I got half an hour to write a song, ten minutes to say hello to the wife, five minutes to read a story to my kid. The rest of the time is taken up by the Police and becoming the biggest group in the world."

But isn't that the price of fame?

"I suppose so," he added, "but you know it's really strange when people stare at you as if you're not normal. I know they don't mean to be rude but it does get to be a drag. You feel like telling them 'Fuck off, I'm just trying to buy a pair of shoes.

"I find that I have to talk to them," says Stewart. "If they shout at me or go *Message in a Bottle* I have to acknowledge that because if I don't they will start shouting a lot of abuse, like 'Snob, snob. Jerk.' I mean the abuse I used to get on the phone was incredible, and the obscene calls were just out of this world. You get things like at seven in the morning, 'Ah Andy is older, Sting is cute but he won't talk. Stewart is OK. Yeah Stewart's a fuck.' I can cope with all that these days, although there was a time when I couldn't."

"I do cope with it, obviously," says Sting. "I don't freak out and go into paranoia. But I can see why people become reclusive and crave privacy and why people move out of London and build walls around their homes. It's because people don't allow you privacy. Every day there used to be an expedition of girls in the street looking for my home. They had discovered my address from the phone book because I did have it in the books in the old days. So when they found my home, it just became like a goldfish bowl with people staring at it. Their curiosity gets the better of them. They do it because they like you and you must remember that. I'm very cooperative. I sign autographs and give them a hug. I only get annoyed when I feel they've stepped over the line, between playing the game and being harassed. I have been rude to some girls when after talking to them and giving them autographs they stick around and sit on your doorstep. So I just ignored them and took my son out for a walk, and they followed me. I thought 'this is it, this is real.' It does worry me a bit because one time it won't be the girls who know where I live. It will be burglars or kidnappers or whatever."

Andy Summers: "I'm honestly saying that I'm in the Police because I enjoy playing music."

©Russell C. Turiak

Over the years it has become more obvious how their individual careers are diverging. Sting has a passionate love for films. Currently he's shooting a film for BBC TV called *Brimstone and Treacle*, a suspenseful comedy about an attractive drifter. His appearances in **Quadrophenia**, **Radio ON** and **The Rock & Roll Swindle** have been well documented. Stewart, on the other hand, takes an interest in the amateur field ... the Super 8 stuff. He shoots films himself, and at his home in London's Shepherd's Bush he built a room particularly for that purpose. Downstairs he's got a studio, complete with 24-track machines.

"That machine there is half the weight of a Volkswagen," he told me when I saw him after the release of **Ghost In The Machine**. I should know how much it weighs. I was one of the four guys who carried it.

"Oh yes, I remember," he sneered. "It nearly fell on you right?" Right.

Andy is fascinated by the still-camera world, different guitars (naturally) and various collections of Police memorabilia from the countries they visited over the years. There is no evidence of them being millionaires in their homes, except for the large amount of recording equipment. Andy is currently looking for a bigger house, and he reckons he found one complete with studio in the basement. So how would a millionaire like Andy buy a house? Cash?

"Mind your own business," was his immediate reply. Thanks.

The stories about fame and fortune keep coming up with the Police, so as a last question it was very interesting to ask Stewart about democracy in the band. Lots of reports about the lack of democracy in the Police have been surfacing in the papers every day. Well? Stewart explains about this "Sting being in the driver's seat" business.

"Goddamn. It's certainly not the truth, because all three of us are so aggressive that we would never allow one person to dominate. And we have something that we assured each other of all along, and that is that there is no marriage contract between the three of us. If anyone feels that he is strong enough on his own to leave the group, he can do so. If Sting, because people say he is in the driver's seat, wants to throw his weight around and take over, no way am I going to let him do that and no way Andy is going to let him do that. Nobody is going to push me around. If Sting felt that he was going to try and push me around and commanded me to do something saying, 'Look fuckhead, I wrote *Roxanne*, so you do this,' then I would tell him to piss off. If he really wants to insist on something because he's 'the big star' then he'll have to insist that to himself."

So what do you have to say about that, Sting?

"Bullshit!"

Thanks.□

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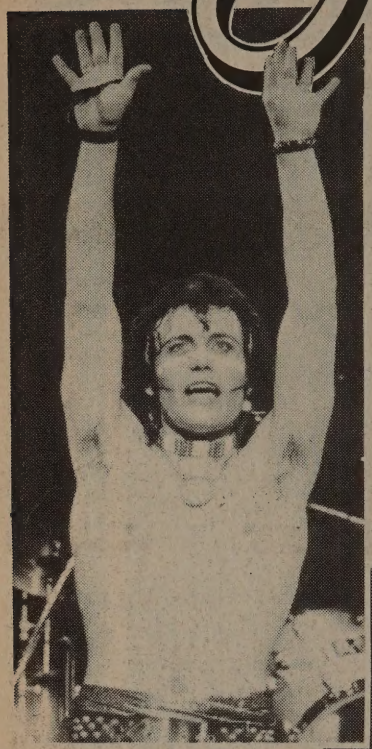
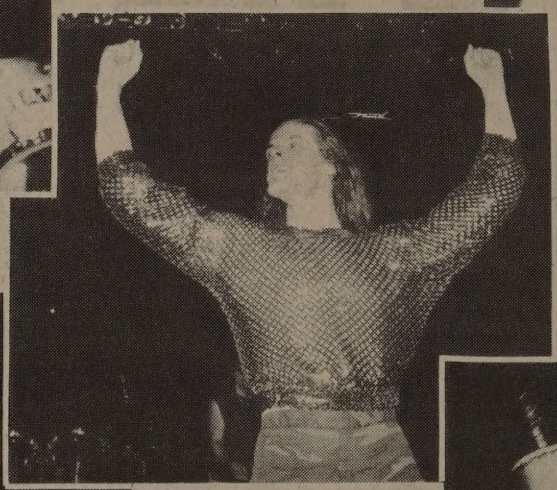
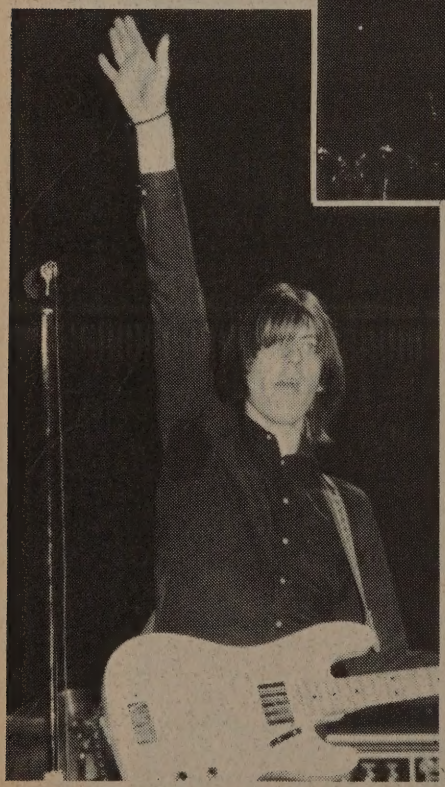


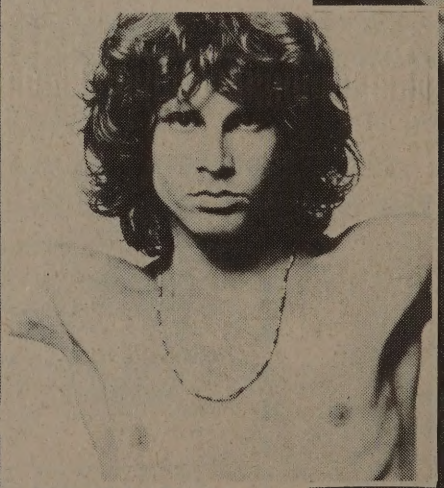
The pits that you would most like to take home to mother — Adam Ant.



The see-through pits of the year — Ted Nugent.

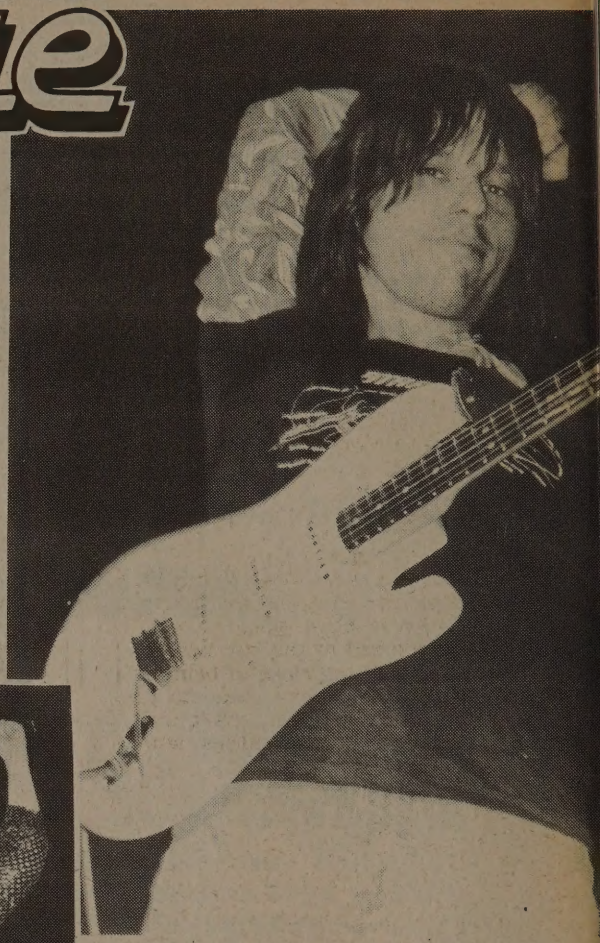


For the most concentric sweat stain by a pit in a supporting role — Nick Lowe.



The pits which have given the most for the cause of rock and roll — Jim Morrison (posthumously awarded).

The subtlest pit flash by a guitar legend — Jeff Beck.



The angriest, foulest, rankest pits on an English rock star — The Clash's Mick Jones.

Photo credits, clockwise from top left: ©Anne Fishbein/PHOTO RESERVE, Bob Leafe, Bob Sorce, Joel Brodsky, Bob Leafe. Center photo ©Ross Marino.

WE READ YOUR Mail

Your magazine has quickly become the best rock magazine around. It has improved 100% since a year ago. All the articles are written in a style that is easy to read and understand, yet filled with a lot of info. Also, the photos have really improved, which adds more color to the stories. I really like the added departments such as Roots, Rock & Roll Revue, Caught In The Act, etc. I'm glad you finally decided to drop the section on guitars and amps. I think Roy Trakin deserves congratulations for his work on record reviews.

Peter Ryan
Greenwich, Ct.

Why you would ever use Wendy O. Williams' picture as an ad for your t-shirts is beyond me. I wouldn't wear anything endorsed by pig-face herself. Wendy O. is nothing close to being a rock and roller, and I buy your magazine to read about rockers, not a "puke" rocker like Wendy O. Besides, who wants to wrap themselves in black tape? I'd rather wrap myself around David Lee Roth.

Kathi Morris
Carthage, Mo.

I think your magazine is really bitchin' (I mean really great). My little cousin found one of my magazines and got himself in a lot of trouble. He's eight years old and is just learning to read. He walked into the kitchen one day, looked up at me and called me a son of a bitch. His mother heard him and tore his ass up. I asked him where he heard that and he said 'fuck off.' Anyway, keep all the nasty words in so the little asshole will learn to keep his paws of the #1 magazine, **Hit Parader.**

Allison Royal
Winston-Salem, N.C.

You're the first magazine that featured Iron Maiden (**Hit Parader,** October). Well, right on!

A.M. Ascoli
Glendale, N.Y.

What's with the stories on Styx and Journey? These musicians make money not music. It's all centered toward FM airplay, which has become so nauseatingly bad that I'm gonna sell my receiver. They sure do get a lot of attention by you guys. You money hungry too? I failed to see the Ramones, Gang of Four or Talking Heads in your rock poll, but then again they don't worry about money, so I guess you've already scratched them off your list. Scratch me off your list, too.

Marshall Boswell
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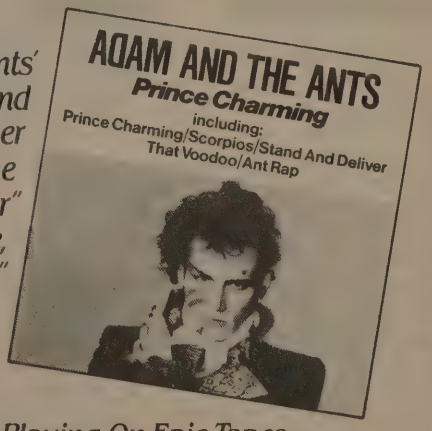

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MEAT LOAF

AN ACQUIRED TASTE

Heavyweight Finally Breaks The Sound Of Silence

by Jeff Tamarkin

"I hate records." Meat Loaf's statement might explain why the heavyweight singer took four years to release the follow-up to his 1977 smash debut **Bat Out Of Hell,** but that's not what he's getting at. Meat Loaf hates making records because he is such a visual performer, and records simply don't allow the listener to get the full picture. That's why he's so involved with making videos, and why he recently completed work on a full length feature film based on his second album, **Dead Ringer.**

"I think records are stupid," Loaf continued, sucking on a frozen yogurt bar — one of many that he consumes in a normal day. "I know that sounds weird, but that's why I'm so thrilled with video discs. For example, take a song like *Paradise By The Dashboard Light* from the first album. When you see that, you can fantasize. You see the girl in the video, and then you see me. And then you go, 'Hell, if he can do it, I can do it!' That's where I come from."

Bob Leafe

Meat Loaf: "Hell, if he can do it, I can do it."

Meat Loaf thinks his appeal is based on that idea — that he's just another one of them. And in many ways he is. Born Marvin Aday in Texas, he gained his nickname Meat Loaf while playing football in high school. It was also during that period when Meat/Marv realized he had more energy than most people.

"When I was playing football," he recalled, sitting in a makeshift dressing room of an abandoned air plane hangar in upstate New York, where he and his band rehearsed for their current tour, "by the time we got to the fourth quarter everybody around me was exhausted. I was so wired I didn't even know we were in the fourth quarter. My eyes were glassy and I'd be yelling, 'Get up!' "

Meat Loaf did have a scary period during his absence from the recording scene that almost put an end to his career, energy or not. One day he woke up to find that his voice was gone. After trying all sorts of supposed cures, it was recommended he see a vocal coach in California, who eventually fixed him up so that he sang better than ever. It was only then that he was able to return to the studio to finish **Dead Ringer,** with songs by Jim Steinman (who also wrote the songs on **Bat**), with backing by various members of the E Street Band and musicians such as Nicky Hopkins and Mick Ronson. The result is intense Meat Loaf music, even more powerful and dramatic than that on the debut LP, which has gone platinum several times over.

With the album safely ensconced on the charts, and the tour under way, Meat Loaf and crew can look forward to the release of the film, which promises to be a good one. Meat Loaf plays both starring roles — a guy named Marvin and a guy named Meat Loaf. Marvin is a fan who tries to get backstage to meet Meat, and all sorts of things happen along the way. "It's like **A Hard Day's Meat Loaf,**" says the singer/actor. "Eventually Marvin gets to see Meat Loaf, and Meat throws everybody out of the room except him." And then what happens? "I'm not gonna say," concludes the blue-eyed Loaf with a grin, before heading out into the hangar for a game of touch football with the band. "But the ending is like the end of **Rocky,** when he lasted 15 rounds and then you thought anybody could do anything." Listening to Meat Loaf talk, and watching this dynamo perform, you get the feeling that maybe anybody can do anything — certainly Meat Loaf can.□

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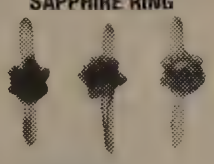

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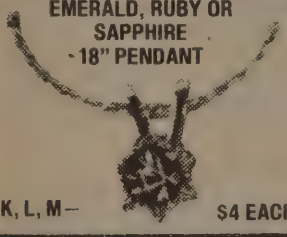

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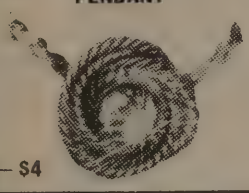

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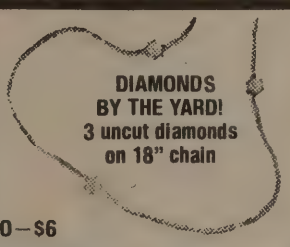

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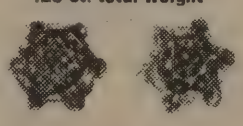

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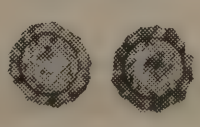

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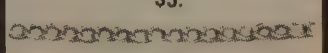

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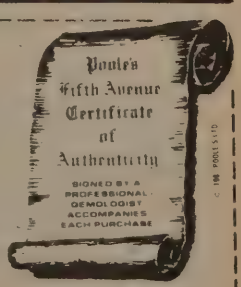

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ELVIS COSTELLO

SOUTHERN COMFORT

New Waver Knows Where He's Going

by Andy Secher

Occasionally, a performer emerges from the musical quagmire with an image so unique that he manages to totally circumvent those industry forces that have been trying to carbon-copy any money-making sound on the scene. Elvis Costello, rock's angry young man, is one such performer.

Since the release of his debut album, **My Aim Is True**, in 1977, a talented pop performer to an important force on the rock and roll scene.

Costello has combined such divergent musical influences as country/western with reggae into a passionate vehicle for his lyrical urgency. Now, with the release of his latest album, **Almost Blue**, a country/western collection recorded in Nashville with ace c/w producer Billy Sherrill, he has added another

Robert Matheu

Country star George Jones with Elvis Costello: "If others can share my outlet that's fine. Just don't expect me to bend to meet their demands."

Costello has solidified his position as the most successful, and perhaps most controversial graduate of England's new-wave rock school. His appearance resembles a deranged Woody Allen, and he intrigues us with a style that combines pop accessibility with punk aggression. His melodies are seasoned with scathing lyrical forays, and over his seven album career, he's managed to attack everything from the record business to the British government. This bold stance elevated him from intriguing chapter to his complex story.

"I just play what I feel," he said recently. "I try to please myself. That's all any musician should try to do. We each have different likes and dislikes and anyone who tries to appeal to everyone is bound to create something so bland as to render it virtually worthless. Music to me is an outlet, and if others can share my outlet that's fine. Just don't expect me to bend to meet their demands."

Born Declan Patrick McManus in London the 27-year-old Costello seemed destined for a career as a computer programmer until his late teens, when, with a second-hand electric guitar picked up in a neighborhood pawn shop, he began writing songs that displayed his wide-ranging interests in top-40 pop, country, and vintage rock and roll. He sent tapes of his material to various British record labels, none of whom showed even the slightest interest in his work.

But, Jake Riviera, owner of Stiff Records, got hold of Costello's tape and heard something instantly appealing. Riviera, whose street-wise smarts catapulted Stiff into the forefront of England's burgeoning "punk" movement, recognized the unique synthesis of new-wave anger and pop commerciality in Costello's work, a combination that he thought could bring the new-wave movement instant world-wide recognition.

Through Riviera's efforts Costello landed a contract with Columbia Records and **My Aim Is True** was soon released. The album sold over 350,000 copies, an unprecedented number for a new-wave performer. Costello quickly developed into a prolific rock and roll artist, and released a total of seven albums over the next five years, including **Get Happy**, **Armed Forces** and last year's **Trust**. While a number of detractors were turned off by his apparent fixation with the negative aspects of the human condition, Costello's appealing and memorable melodies have drawn an increasing number of followers to his special brand of music.

"I don't know if rock and roll is actually the proper name for my music," he said. "I'm not saying that it's necessarily better than that, just that it's a little more expansive. If people will accept what I do as rock and roll, however, that's fine with me."

Almost Blue — an album that eschews Costello's writing talents in favor of presenting cover versions of country/western classics — showcases Costello's unique ability to switch effortlessly from pop to country/western while building musical bridges between the two forms.

By presenting his version of such c/w standards as *Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down* and Hank Williams' *Why Don't You Love Me*, Costello has deftly risen above his new-wave classification and shows that he remains an innovative musician. In an industry where predictability has begun to drain the medium's lifeblood, Costello's compelling style is a much needed energy transfusion, bringing the spark of originality back into rock and roll.□

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Song Index

52/A World Without Heroes
44/Abacab

16/Centerfold
45/Comin' In And Out Of Your Life
47/Cowboy And The Lady, The

17/Falling In Love
45/Fight The Good Fight
42/Freeze-Frame

54/Hang Fire
44/Heart Like A Wheel
20/He's A Liar

17/I Can't Go For That (No Can Do)
46/If I Were You

20/Jam Was Moving, The

42/Leader Of The Band
54/Let Me Love You Once Before You Go
56/Little T & A
47/Living Eyes

17/My Kinda Lover

52/Outlaw

50/Pay The Devil

18/Read 'Em And Weep

18/Shake It Up
52/She's Got A Way

46/Someone Could Lose A Heart Tonight
17/Stuck In The Middle
48/Sweet Merilee
56/Sweetest Thing, The (I've Ever Known)

42/Talking Out Of Turn
46/Trouble

48/Under Pressure

56/When Your Heart Says It's Right
56/Why Do Fools Fall In Love

18/Yesterday's Songs
16/You Could Have Been With Me
50/Young Turks

CENTERFOLD

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

Doe she walk
Does she talk
Does she come complete
My homeroom, homeroom angel
always pulled me from my seat
She was pure like snowflakes
No one could ever stain
The memory of my angel could never cause me pain
The years go by
I'm lookin' through a girly magazine
And there's my homeroom angel
On the pages in between.

My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
Angel in the centerfold.

Slipped me notes under the desk
While I was thinkin' about her dress
I was shy I turned away
Before she caught my eye
I was shakin' in my shoes
Whenever she flashed those baby blues
Something had a hold on me
When angel passed close by
Those soft, fuzzy sweaters
Too magical to touch
To see her in that negligee is really just too much.

My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold oh yeah
Angel in the centerfold
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na.

It's okay I understand
This ain't no never, neverland
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are on
Take your car yes we will
We'll take your car and drive it
We'll take it to a motel room
And take 'em off in private
A part of me has just been ripped
The pages of my mind are stripped
Ah no I can't deny it
Oh yea I guess I gotta buy it.
(Repeat chorus)

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YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME

(As recorded by Sheena Easton)

LEA MAALFRID

You're the seventh son of the seventh son
Maybe that's why you're such a strange and special one
You can even seem to love yourself.
And with a few exceptions
Not anybody else
You can lead a horse to water
But you cannot make him drink
You can give a man your whole heart and soul
But you cannot make him think.

You could have been with me
Instead of alone and lonely.

You could tell him the date of departure
Exactly the place and the time
He might really want to be there
But he misses every time
Is he a man or a paper tiger
When you need him will he run or stand beside you.

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MY KINDA LOVER

(As recorded by Billy Squier)

BILLY SQUIER

You got me runnin' baby
You give me somethin' way beyond revenue
You put the magic in me
I feel the magic when we do what we do
And oh I can't do without you for too long
You're my situation
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover.

You keep me all together
You take me out whenever I'm lettin' down
You got the motions baby
I got a notion maybe I'll stick around
And oh I can never doubt you for too long
I can't see no reason
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover.

You got my motor racin'
I find my thoughts embracin'
Your every move
Now I wanna set you reelin'
I wanna make you feel the way that I do
And oh I been thinkin' 'bout you for so long
Now I don't wanna lose ya
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover.

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STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

MARK FARNER

True love won't pass you by
Must you eye every boy that passes
Why can't you be satisfied
You hurt my pride flirting between classes.

Cause you're stuck in the middle
Yea stuck in the middle
My baby's stuck in the middle again.
I never thought I'd find a better love
She had plenty of all the love was in her eyes boy
But blessings come from up above
You wanna be loved
But you're better off a wise boy.

Cause she's stuck in the middle
Yea stuck in the middle
My baby's stuck in the middle again.

Boy she's stuck in the middle
Yea stuck in the middle
My baby's stuck in the middle again.
My baby's stuck in the middle
Stuck in the middle
Yea stuck in the middle
My baby's stuck in the middle again.

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FALLING IN LOVE

(As recorded by Balance)

PEPPY CASTRO

Crazy as it may seem
I keep having this dream
I'm falling in love with you
I'm falling in love
Maybe it's just not our time
But I don't want to leave it behind.
Falling in love
I'm falling in love
I'm falling in love
I think I'm falling in love
I'm falling in love
I think I'm falling in love.
Even now while you're away
I think of you day after day
And there's nothing I can do
I'm falling in love
Don't ever want to see you upset
Cause I'll be there to take the next step
Falling in love
Falling in love.
(Repeat chorus)

You could lead me off a cloud
I'd be walking on air
Don't mind if I think out loud
I want you to care for me
Over and over and over again.
(Repeat chorus)

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I CAN'T GO FOR THAT (No Can Do)

(As recorded by Daryl Hall and John Oates)

DARYL HALL
JOHN OATES
SARA ALLEN

Easy, ready, willing, overtime
Where does it stop
Where do you dare me to draw the line
You got the body now you want my soul
Don't even think about it say no go
Yeah I'll, I'll do anything that you want me to
Yeah I'll, I'll do almost anything that you want me to yeah.

But I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that
Can't go for that
Can't go for that
Can't go for that.

I can't go for being twice as nice
I can't go for just repeating the same old lines
Use the body now you want my soul
Oo forget about it now say no go
Yeah I'll, I'll do anything that you want me to
Yeah I'll, I'll do almost anything that you want me to yeah.

But I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that no
No can do
I can't go for that
Can't go for that
Can't go for that
Can't go for that yeah.

Yeah I'll, I'll do anything that you want me to
Yeah I'll, I'll do almost anything that you want me to yeah.
(Repeat chorus)

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READ 'EM AND WEEP

(As recorded by Meat Loaf)

JIM STEINMAN

I've been tryin' for hours just to think of what exactly to say
I thought I'd leave you with a letter or a fiery speech
Like when an actor makes an exit at the end of a play
And I've been dyin' for hours tryin' to fill up all the holes with some sense
I'd like to know how you faded and you threw it away
I'd like to give you all the reasons and what ev'rything meant.

Well I could tell you "goodbye" or maybe "see you around"
With just a touch of a sarcastic "thanks"
We started out with a bang and at the top of the world
Now the guns are exhausted and the bullets are blanks
And everything's blank.

If I could only find the words then I would write it all down
If I could only find a voice I would speak
Oh it's there in my eyes oh can't you see me tonight
Come on and look at me and read 'em and weep
If I could only find the words then I would write it all down
If I could only find a voice I would speak
Oh it's there in my eyes oh can't you see me tonight
Come on and look at me and read 'em and weep.

I've been whispering softly
Tryin' to build a cry up to a scream
We let the past slip away
And put the future on hold
Now the present is nothing but a hollowed out dream
And I've been dyin' for hours tryin' to fill up all the holes
With some sense
I'd like to know why you faded and you threw it away
I'd like to give you all the reasons and what everything meant.

Well I could tell you "goodbye" or maybe "see you around"
With just a touch of a sarcastic "thanks"
But now the rooms are all empty the candles are dark
The guns are exhausted and the bullets are blanks
And everything's blank.

If I could only find the words then I would write it all down
If I could only find a voice I would speak
Oh it's there in my eyes oh can't you see me tonight
Come on and look at me and read 'em and weep
If I could only find the words then I would write it all down
If I could only find a voice I would speak
Oh it's there in my eyes oh can't you see me tonight
Come on and look at me and read 'em and weep.

Read 'em and weep
For all the hours we'll be spending alone
Read 'em and weep
For the dreams we'll ignore
Running silent and deep
And all the promises we promised to keep
They won't be kept anymore.

Read 'em and weep
For the magic that our bodies had made
Read 'em and weep
For the blood that we've lost
Running silent and deep
And all those secrets that we somehow betrayed
For whatever the cost.

Read 'em and weep
For those memories still alive in the bed
Read 'em and weep
For the lies we believed
Running silent and deep
And all the things that can never be said.

Why don't you look at me and read 'em and weep
Come on and look at me and read 'em and weep
It's there in my eyes and comin' straight from my heart

It's runnin' silent and angry and deep
It's there in my eyes it's all I can say
Come on look at me and read 'em and weep.

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SHAKE IT UP

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

Dance all night play all day
Don't let nothing get in the way
Dance all night keep the beat
Don't you worry 'bout two left feet
Just shake it up
Dance all night get real loose
You don't need no bad excuse
Dance all night with anyone
Don't let nobody pick your fun
Just shake it up
Dance all night go go go
Dance all night get real low
Go all night get real hot
Shake it up until you pop
Dance all night whirl your hair
Make the night cats stop and stare
Dance all night go to work
Do the move with the quirky jerk
Just shake it up.

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YESTERDAY'S SONGS

(As recorded by Neil Diamond)

NEIL DIAMOND

Yesterday's songs don't stay around long not much anymore
Yesterday's words don't make themselves heard like they did before
Baby yesterday's blues may be yesterday's news
But the truth always stays the same
And the good things will never change
Like sayin' I love you
Sayin' I love you.

Yesterday's songs don't seem to belong
They're here and they're gone
Yesterday's moves don't stay in the grooves
They keep moving on
Maybe yesterday's rhyme was for yesterday's time
And the future's not ours to see
But there's some things that always will be
Like sayin' I love you
Sayin' I love you.

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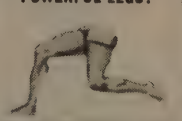
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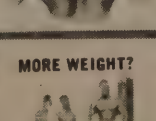
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THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN .. THIS TIME!
WHAM! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HE'S A LIAR

(As recorded by The Bee Gees)

BARRY GIBB
MAURICE GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

I was stood by the light as I looked through the window
With the greatest intention not meaning to see
I was there in the dark and I saw you together
You were up in his arms
I was down on my knees
Get the cards on the table, no need to pretend
You've got to be cruel to be kind
He can sell you his love and you know you will pay.

'Cause he's a liar
He's a liar
And I should know liar
He's a liar
And I should know ahh.

Well they told me I fell
But I just don't remember
I was standing face down
They were there at my feet
There was smoke in the air
And the sweet smell of leather
I was out through the window
And down in the street
Well I'm cold and I'm hungry but I'm still alive
And it's not how I want it to be
There's a hand on my shoulder
He said I'll survive.

But he's a liar
He's a liar
And I should know liar
He's a liar
And I should know ahh.

Was it not for the man that was blocking the drive
Was it not for the red limousine
I'd be millions of miles from the scene of the crime
And somehow in this madness believe she was mine.

But I'm a liar
He's a liar
And I should know liar
He's a liar
And I should know ahh.

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THE JAM WAS MOVING

(As recorded by Debbie Harry)

BERNARD EDWARDS
NILE RODGERS

The order came directly from the CIA
To start the following investigation
Find out what's the hidden power lying in the grooves
That drives 'em crazy all across the nation.

They found the jam was moving
Go head now, go head now
That makes the people keep groovin'
Go head now, go head now.

The agent who was sanctioned to investigate
When he came home he found to his amazement
He found his own children live on colt 45
And they were rock hip-hoppin' in the basement.
(Repeat chorus)

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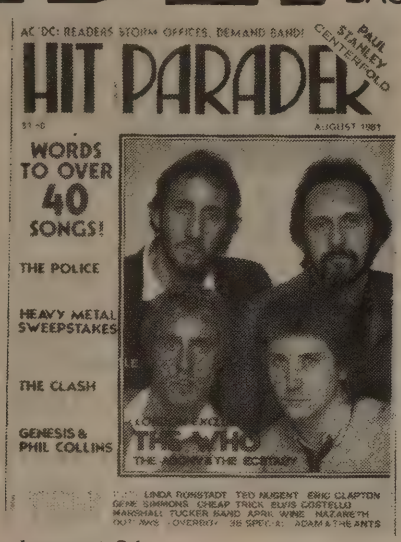

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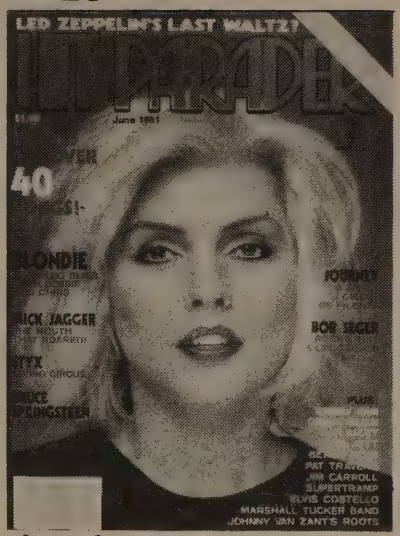

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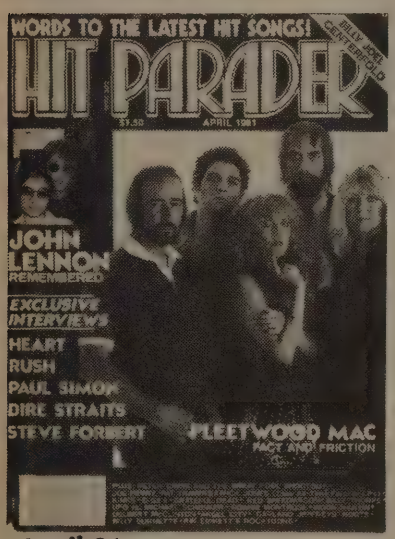

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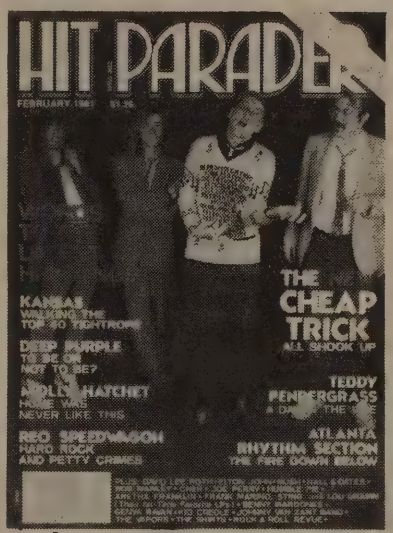

February 81

January, 1981
- The Cars — Panorama's Cracked Windshield
- The New Yes: The Drama Continues
- AC/DC Are Back In Black
- The Doobie Brothers Born Again Legends
- Ted Nugent Down And Dirty

October, 1980
- Hit Parader Interview: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards — Part I
- Genesis Turn It On Again
- Gene Simmons Says It's Hard Being Superman Every Day
- David Bowie In Japan
- The Ted Nugent Story

December, 1980
- Peter Townshend On His Own? — Part II
- Van Halen: Who Are These Guys And Why Are They So Famous?
- Guitars & Amps: Hit Parader Special Report
- Queen On Tour
- Hit Parader Interview: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards — Part III

September, 1980
- The Police Rock Nile Style
- Hit Parader Interview: The Clash
- Joe Perry: The Thrill Is It
- Chrissie Hynde Talks About The Pretenders
- Squeeze Together

November, 1980
- Peter Townshend On His Own? — Part I
- No Nukes
- Hit Parader Interview: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards — Part II
- Heart To Heart
- Police In Japan

August, 1980
- Hit Parader Interview: Blondie's Jimmy Destri
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Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

King Crimson
Discipline

And all the king's horses and all the king's men... So why didn't they invite (ex-Foreigner) Ian McDonald, (ex-ELP) Greg Lake or (where is he now?) Pete Sinfield? The born-again King Crimson is guitarist/founder Robert Fripp's attempt to re-enter rock's first division. Whether Crimson cultists will accept this new outfit remains to be seen, but Mr. Fripp has assembled a super-group by any other name — drummer Bill Bruford, guitarist Adrian Belew (doubling on vocals) and bassist Tony Levin.

Philippe Hamon

Discipline proudly employs the new music influences accrued by Messrs. Fripp, Belew and Levin who collaborate with the likes of Blondie, Talking Heads and Peter Gabriel. Fripp favors the stream-of-funk guitar runs which have developed out of his solo Frippertronics shows while Belew borrows the whoops-I'm-singing vocals of David Byrne for the lyrical numbers. Tony Levin's supple bass lines tug at rock's circular structure, leaving only steady Bill Bruford, as tirelessly precise as always, to hold down the fort.

The expected guitar showdown between Fripp and Belew never quite comes off. Sure, these two transform guitars into raging pachyderms *(Elephant Talk)*, squawking seagulls *(Indiscipline)* or slowly undulating mantras *(The Sheltering Sky)*, but never do you really get a sense of a dialogue taking place or a song assuming shape. Perhaps it is because Fripp and Belew play too similarly to be distinguishable on record. Perhaps it is the curiously flat audio verite production. Perhaps the gentlemen are merely eschewing their individual identities for an organic wash-of-sound.

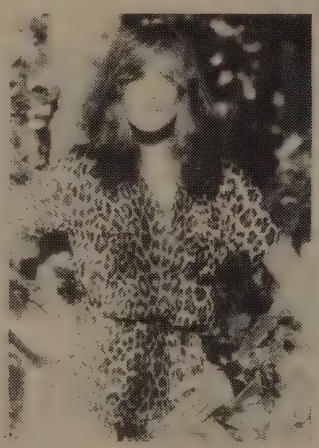
King Crimson are back, but I have a feeling that they have not yet begun to exercise their power as innovators. Once leaders of progressive art-rock, on **Discipline**, King Crimson is purposely starting from scratch, groping for their own direction.

Joan Armatrading
Walk Under Ladders
Carly Simon
Torch

Quite simply put, one swings, the other doesn't. Or, did you really think Upper Crust Carly "got" more soul than the earnest West Indian singer/songwriter/humanist from London, Joan Armatrading? In **Walk Under Ladders** and **Torch**, two strong-minded women undertake somewhat startling stylistic changes — Armatrading

teams-up with the whiz kid of the New U-Z, Art Rock, Steve (XTC, U-2 P. Furs) Lillywhite and shows the effects. James Taylor's better-half tackles a bevy of aching torch songs penned by the likes of Hoagy Carmichael, Rodgers & Hart, Stephen Sondheim, etc.

The difference in the results can probably be measured in the distance between London, where Armatrading draws her inspiration, and the Upper West Side of New York or El Lay (same diff.), where Carly draws hers. Armatrading's



Walk Under Ladders takes off from her established roots in folk, calypso and reggae to incorporate newer musical forms — most notably dub, synth-rock, percussive poly-rhythms. In short, some of the idioms that have been ushered in by the English new wave are used here to full effect.

Perhaps it is not possible to discuss Joan Armatrading without mentioning the fact that she's black and her audience is almost totally white. **Walk Under Ladders** is an unfashionably stubborn refusal to accept categories — in race, sex or music. And, while Armatrading's music celebrates this universality, it is her particular style that ennobles it. If songs like *I'm Lucky*, *Eating The Bear* and *At The Hop* express the celebration, rather than the desperation of soul, who are we to carp?

Speaking of carp, and I don't mean the fish (or maybe I do), what does poor Carly Simon have to *kvetch* about? Has James left home again? Or are rents up at Martha's Vineyard? **Torch**'s cover is a horrible S & M-styled pun that pictures Carly in obvious pain; on the inside, it's our turn to suffer.

When Carly stuck to those pouty rich girl's whiney laments like *You're So Vain*, I could almost overlook her exaggerated sensuality. With **Torch**, though, one must contend with Carly head-on even if her breathy vocals are tempered by those so-corny-they're-great '40s movie orchestrations, provided by the best El Lay session players money can buy.

Unfortunately, Carly wants it both ways — she insists you accept her throaty interpretations without regarding her sex even when she relies on an overwhelmingly physical sensuality to plow through them. If Carly's tongue was planted in her cheek maybe she wouldn't do such a job of mangling these classics. Carly Simon finally stops teasing on **Torch** and comes right out in the vocal buff. My first instinct is to hand her a towel.

Rossington Collins Band
This Is The Way

Like their Georgia brethren, the Allmans, the Rossington Collins Band has looked death in the eye and moved straight ahead,

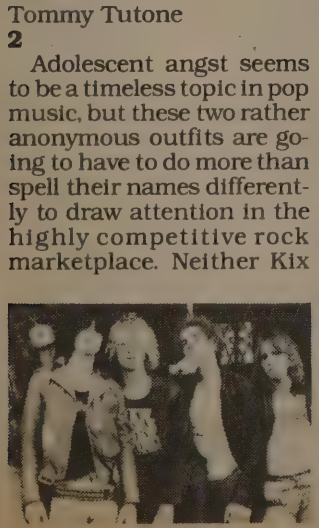
stopping only for an occasional glance over the shoulder. Composed of the nucleus from Lynyrd Skynyrd (guitarists Gary Rossington and Allen Collins, keyboardist Billy Powell and bassist Leon Wilkeson, but minus the late singer Ronnie Van Zant), the R-C's manage to diverge from the typical endless boogie by refusing to get mired in the past, while they still show the courage to deal with it. By adding a fine female singer, Dale Krantz, and successfully avoiding the macho stereotypes often associated with southern rock, the Rossington Collins Band are worthy successors to Lynyrd's legacy.

On their second LP, **This Is The Way**, the group can't be blamed for celebrating its survival even if such repressed, stately rockers as *Don't Stop Me Now, Seems Like Every Day, Gotta Get It Straight* and *Gonna Miss It When It's Gone* could hardly be termed joyous. There's also an unforced, sincere tribute to John Lennon, *Tashuana*, and even a gospel-flavored acapella affirmation in the Joplinesque (I mean Janis) *Pine Box*.

With **This Is The Way**, southern rock's ordinarily ecstatic dueling lead guitars metamorphose into instruments of mourning, not in order to dwell on self-pity, like the Allman Brothers, but, like New Order and vintage Lynyrd Skynyrd, to affirm life in the void.

Kix
Kix
Tommy Tutone
2

Adolescent angst seems to be a timeless topic in pop music, but these two rather anonymous outfits are going to have to do more than spell their names differently to draw attention in the highly competitive rock marketplace. Neither Kix nor Tommy Tutone have what you'd call credibility. Kix, managed by the people who brought you Foreigner, sound like they could be from the Midwest heavy-metal heartland or the Australian bush. Tommy Tutone hail spiritually from Buddy Holly's Texas turf, by way of Tom Petty's mellow L. A. In their own derivative fashions, though, both **Kix** and **2** offer unexpected treats to almost qualify as guilty pleasures, if indeed I find the need to ever play them again.



Take the anarchic, gutter-snipin' spirit of the New York Dolls, cross it with AC/DC, then add the broad, goofy humor of Cheap Trick and you get Kix' debut effort. In sharp, concise terms, this fashionably unfashionable quintet takes on the heavy concerns of the western world — *Atomic Bombs, Love At First Sight, Heartache, Poison, The Itch* and, of course, *Kix Are For Kids*. They do it all with a winging heavy metal that doesn't sacrifice humor for tunefulness and is surprising in, of all

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things, its restraint. I don't know where Kix are from, what they believe in, who they are and, y'know what? I don't care. This is so naturally off-handed, it earns official sleeper status.

Like Kix, Tommy Tutone probably loses a certain kind of street appeal by being a so-called corporate rock band. And, indeed, **2** is filled with the kind of embarrassingly self-conscious twee-teen stuff that gave power pop and skinny ties such bad names. But, even as the words evince wincing with their pseudo-Pettyisms and sagging Springsteen cops, those simple little melodies — directly derived from Holly — remind us of pop's immortality by remaining in our minds long after their composers have faded into obscurity.

The Knack
Round Trip

The unfortunate Knack and how they lost it. This bunch of Los Angeles power-poppers are nowhere near as bad as their detractors insist, nor as good as the record sales of their #1 debut had them believe. Now that everyone

Robert Matheu

realized the Knack pose no threat to the Beatles, **Round Trip** takes the band back to the starting block, as Beatle-phile producer Jack (**Double Fantasy**) Douglas helps them out of the "Yeah, yeah, yeah" stage and into some welcome musical maturity.

Lead leerer Doug Fieger always was a little too self-consciously smarmy to be able to project pop innocence, and this sarcasm ended up sinking the Knack's disastrous follow-up, **But The Little Girls Understand**. For **Round Trip**, Douglas has focused the Knack on the Beatles' **Rubber Soul, Revolver, Sgt. Pepper, Magical Mystery Tour** progressive period, and the results highlight the L.A. group's strengths — jangling Rickenbacker-styled guitars, sprightly harmonies and chunky Merseybeat rhythms. Fieger's sly sense of humor is even allowed to percolate under the Elvis Costello-ish *She Likes The Beat* and the parody of *I Am The Walrus* called *We Are Waiting*. Only a reversion to the infantilism of *Boys Go Crazy* ("when girls say no") reminds me of this group's vast potential for sexist obnoxiousness.

On **Round Trip** the Knack try to drop their smugness and contritely ask for another chance. Now, if only the rock critics would understand...

Gary Numan
Dance

Dance, in which young Mr. Numan strives for relevancy beyond the pop ditty, is perfect for those who dig boogying to a metronome. It's too bad that the man who coined electro-bubblegum has forsaken his economical approach in favor of a deliberate despondence in which boredom becomes mesmerizing. The little rippley rhythms from *musique concrete* create an oddly placid fusion of [Erik] Satie and [Brian] Eno. On controlled voyages like *Slowcar to China* and *Stories*, the dreamlike narrative current is just enough to engage your attention.

Gary Numan's strength has always been in his tunes — simple enough to be instantly accessible. With **Dance**, the synthesizer melody lines take a back seat to the array of synthetic beats-per-minute. The trademarked soaring Numan synths are reduced to bleak coloration and incidental backdrop. Likewise, with the Numan "What Me Worry?" vocals. This is no great loss, though; their electronic distortion does reveal an ever-growing chilliness bordering on 1984 anti-humanism.

Gary Numan probably doesn't deserve the barbs he gets from all corners. **Dance** allows him to defend his turf against the intrusion of the New Romantics (in the witty *Moral*). What Numan seems to forget is that he himself started out as a clone of Bowie and Roxy Music. In trying to distance itself from the competition, Numan's music has lost its pop anchor and begun to drift off into space like some lighter-than-air gas. Can you hear me, Major Tom?□

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with
The Tubes' Roger Steen & Vince Welnick

Roger Steen and Vince Welnick of the Tubes say the group listens to a lot of music on their customized bus while on the tour. Steen added that the Tubes all have Sony Walkmans that are on constantly, particularly while waiting at airports. Later, they trade tapes.

Steen and Welnick randomly selected the following records from a pile of recent releases. Neither had heard these songs prior to *Hit Parader's* Celebrity Rate-A-Record.

Y.O.U., **Grand Funk Railroad**
Roger: I can imagine this coming out of somebody's van. Good sound, a big rock sound. Not really my brand.
Vince: Good party music. It's okay. These guys are going to make it just fine.
Roger: American rock music. USDA Choice.

Meant For You, **Debra Laws**
Roger: Pretty unremarkable.
Vince: Perfect example of a recording. A meticulous singer. I'm falling asleep already.
Roger: I'd enjoy listening to it while I'm washing the car. It's not profound and won't stand the test of time.

Prep Rap, **Russ Mason**
Vince: He's managed to do one thing right. He sounds exactly like Governor Jerry Brown of California.
Roger: He does?
Vince: He took the wrong drugs to rap on. Or maybe he took none at all. There's not enough valium on the recording.

It's My Turn, **Aretha Franklin**
Roger: It's not even fair for me to rate this record because I really love Aretha.
Vince: Me too.
Roger: I really didn't even have to hear it. Wow, what a tough mama.
Vince: What's the name of this record? As far as I'm concerned, it's always her turn. She's got to be one of the most talented, most perfect singers of all time.

I Don't Want To Talk About It, **Mickey Thomas**
Roger: I love the guy's voice, but I don't like the song. I think the girls would like his voice.
Vince: The change-up of the drums eliminates any chance of being directly accessible to AM radio. I think the guy should have the Tubes arrange his music.
Roger: Yeah, we'll back him up.

Heart of Mine, **Bob Dylan**
Roger: A down home in your living room sound. I like this.
Vince: I *love* it. Only Bob Dylan could do this kind of thing. I love the way he has little respect for singing on key; he takes the freeway.
Roger: I'd rather listen to this than a perfect disco song.
Vince: Great guitar and piano work.

It's Going To Happen, **The Undertones**
Vince: We were in England doing a TV show and one of these guys asked me if I get paid for wearing the clothes I was wearing.
Roger: Snotty little kid. Boy, they love them out there in England.
Vince: Sounds like shit, doesn't it?
Roger: They are obviously trying to get the Herman's Hermits effect. Maybe Freddie & the Dreamers.
Vince: Dripping with snot. You want 'em, you can have 'em.□

©Gary Gershoff

Tubes' Vince Welnick and Roger Steen: "He took the wrong drugs to rap on. Or maybe he took none at all."

THE KINKS

SEVENTEEN YEAR ITCH

Veterans Back On Top With Something To Sing About

by Jeff Tamarkin

The Kinks are Ian Gibbons (keyboards), Ray Davies (vocals, rhythm guitar), Jim Rodford (bass), Dave Davies (lead guitar) and Mick Avory (drums).

It's been 17 years since the Kinks first bolted onto the U.S. charts with *You Really Got Me*, that classic slab of vinyl that was, in its day, perhaps the raunchiest rock and roll record ever to win mass acceptance. Today, the Kinks are stronger than ever, and Ray Davies, the lead singer/ rhythm guitarist/ songwriter and acknowledged group leader, says that the band hasn't really changed.

"We're still the same band that was playing the Muswell Hill Youth Club in England," Davies said after a recent gig in Minneapolis. "Sure, a lot has gone on in between, and we've added things and have innovated lyrical styles. But that band you saw tonight was the band that was playing in that church hall in 1964. I'm not saying we haven't progressed. I'm saying our attitude is still what it started out to be — to make people enjoy the music, and maybe try to say something as well. And that's all we can do, really."

Perhaps the Kinks are doing that better in 1981 than ever before. **Give The People What They Want,** the latest Kinks album, is, musically and lyrically, one of their strongest in years. Some of the songs, according to Davies, have been in the works for ages but he wouldn't let them be released until he felt that they were as perfect as they'd ever be. It's apparent from talking to Davies that he sincerely feels attached to this particular album, that he put a good part of his soul — one of the most sensitive, intelligent souls in rock — into this record. He confirms this. "I'm proud of this album," he said. "It's my favorite of the four we've done for Arista Records. We nearly quit so many times, but now I feel as though the Kinks were

born three years ago as a great band, a happy band."

It's true that the Kinks have had some rough times, and the fact that they've survived is a testimony to their pride and dedication. "I have a fanatical belief in the Kinks as a rock and roll band, and I think they should be seen by a lot of new people," said Davies, "and perhaps raise the standards of other bands."

That last statement explains why, on the last Kinks tour, Davies had been introducing *You Really Got Me* as "a song made famous by Van Halen." Although he was kidding, one detected that Davies might have been somewhat perturbed that a group of heavy metal kids from L.A. had gained so much mileage from one of his most precious tunes, while the Kinks have had to struggle for recognition throughout their career. Davies is a good sport, however, and he understands that rock and roll must continue, whether it's by new bands or older, established ones, such as his own.

"I think the age element — that you have to be 20-years-old to be a rock and roll hero — is dead," he said. "You get people in bands like Ian Dury, who's older than me, or Chrissie Hynde, who's 30 and not ashamed of it, and Mick Jagger, who's older than me and still rocks out. There's a certain element of timelessness in rock and roll, and the kids who come to our gigs, who are 15 and even younger, are getting into our new stuff."

"We nearly quit so many times, but now I feel as though the Kinks were born three years ago as a great band, a happy band."

And the new stuff by the Kinks is easily some of their best yet. **Give The People What They Want** is the Kinks at their hardest yet, at the same time, most tender. Davies spoke about some of the cuts on the album. One track, *A Little Bit Of Abuse*, tackles the difficult subject of wife-beating, while *Around The Dial* deals with the demise of personality radio. *Art Lover*, explained Davies, was written about a man who sits in the park on Sundays and watches little girls because he doesn't have a family of his own. And *Killer's Eyes* was inspired by a newspaper account of the attempted assassination of the Pope not long ago.

The title cut is Davies' way of expressing his feeling that television caters to the lowest IQ level by programming violent rather than intelligent shows. And then there's *Destroyer*, the quasi-heavy metal track that borrows from the early Kinks hit *All Day And All Of The Night* for its signature riff. Davies explained why he copped his own tune.

"It was simply made up on the spot while we were recording," he said. "I just shouted out some chords and when I got to *All Day...* I just said 'Stop!' And because of that, there's a lot of excitement there; but it's hard to recreate that."

By examining the focus of Davies' material, it's clear that he is a firm believer in putting across a message in his music. But it wasn't always that way. When the Kinks first began, they were just another rhythm and blues band cranking it out in sweaty clubs for some pocket money. Davies was going to art school and playing soccer, as well as music, and then, when the Beatles and the British Invasion hit, he suddenly found his band topping the charts. After touring the U.S., Davies returned to England with a new outlook.

"Before that tour," he recalled, "I was just this guy who wanted to

Bob Leafe

Are the Brothers Kink still at each others' throats? Dave recently told *Hit Parader:* "We almost got into a fight the other day. There's always friction there — it's a brother situation," as he shows his scars to prove it.

play music. I had just gotten married and my wife was pregnant. We lived in an apartment that cost about $25 a week. Then we stayed in a posh hotel, and all of these people started looking at me strangely; they knew I was in a rock and roll band. They tried to make me one of them, saying, 'Come on, play golf with me.' I took an instant dislike to them because the establishment draws you in and makes you one of them and that's as far as you can go. You can't break out. People like Lennon realized that. That's what I detested about the '60s; the '60s was a total lie. So I said, 'I'm not going to be your caddy so you can say you played golf with a pop singer.' Then I decided I was gonna use words more, and *say* things. I wrote *Well Respected Man* and *Dedicated Follower Of Fashion;* those were the first real word-oriented songs I ever wrote."

Ever since then, Ray Davies has had something to say, and usually with a fine-tuned perspective and sharpness other writers and performers only dream about. Whether he delivers messages in individual songs such as *Lola, Sunny Afternoon* or *Low Budget,* or in a whole album such as **Arthur** or **Preservation Acts I** and **II,** Davies remains a prolific writer and an admirable personality in the rock and roll forum. The Kinks' latest album may be called **Give The People What They Want,** but the Kinks have always made their best music when they've given the people what feels best to them. And that's the way it should be.□

"The establishment draws you in and makes you one of them and that's as far as you can go."

©Richard E. Aaron/THUNDER THUMBS

Ray Davies: "We stayed in a posh hotel, and all of these people started looking at me strangely." Wonder why?

AC/DC's ANGUS YOUNG

IN HIS OWN WORDS

Super Exclusive: Rock's Most Lovable Madman Exposes Himself

As told to Annie Levy from the forthcoming book *24 Hours A Day.*

AC/DC released their latest studio album on November 16th entitled *For Those About to Rock.* This is their first new LP since last year's *Back in Black*, which sold more than eight million copies worldwide and established AC/DC as the biggest recording group in the world.

***For Those About to Rock* was recorded in Paris and is produced by 'Mutt' Lange, who also produced *Back in Black* and *Highway to Hell. For Those About to Rock* features ten new AC/DC songs written by Angus Young, Malcolm Young and Brian Johnson. Their current American tour has been a huge success.**

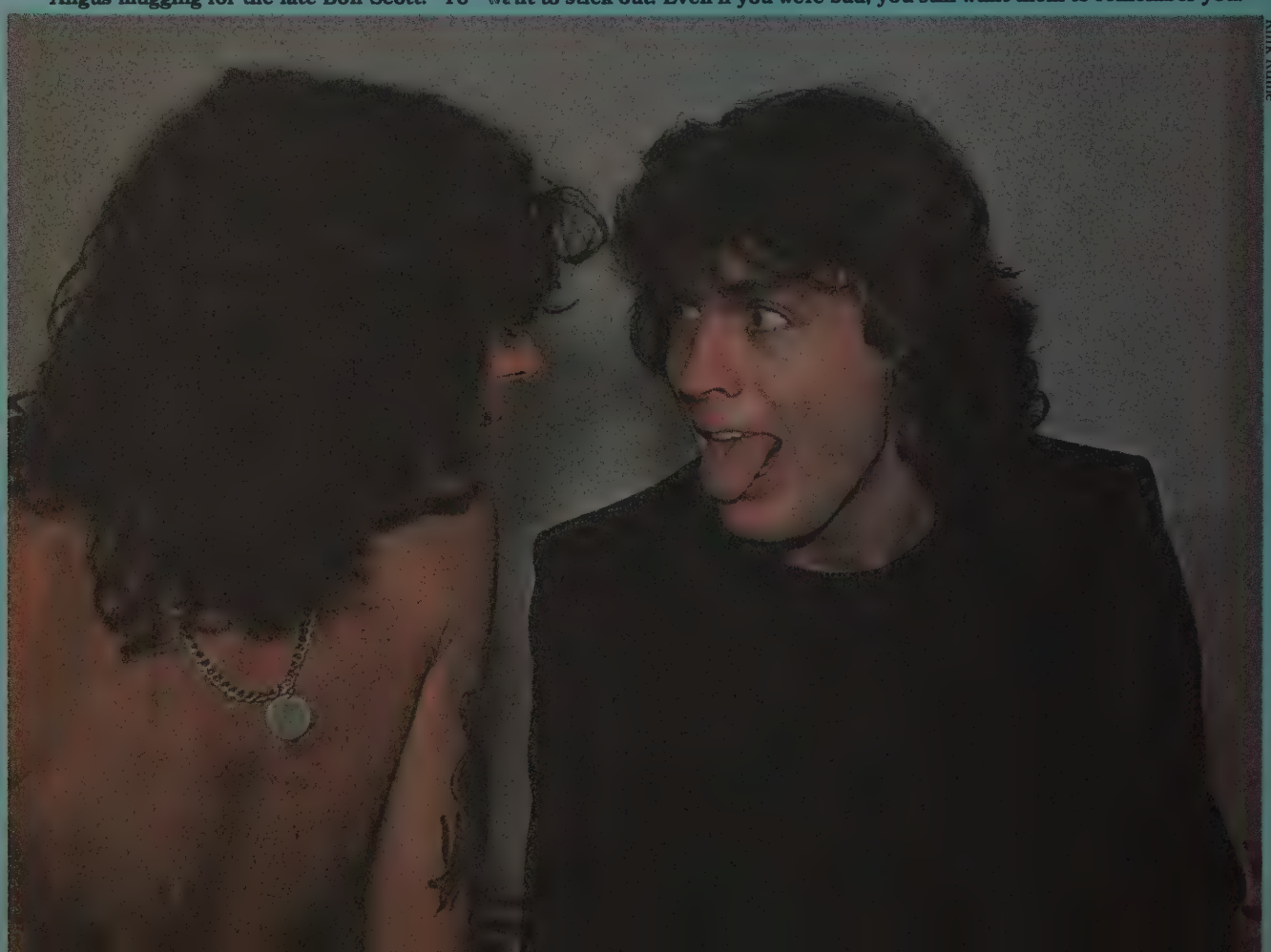
What follows is AC/DC's Angus Young talking to *Hit Parader* readers in his own words. We gave the outspoken madman free reign to speak his mind to an audience that craves more from AC/DC than any other heavy-metal band.

Some of Young's thoughts, as well as his honesty, might surprise you, but, after reading this piece, you should feel a little better acquainted with one of rock and roll's more interesting characters.

I rob banks, I rob people ... mugging, raping, pillaging. I was born in Scotland, I'm 21 ... but that varies. I started playing guitar when I was about 11. I'm generally lazy and I figured that this is the easiest way to make some money. This is what I do best. I saw all the women and I figured that looked good; I was horny. I got a guitar off my brother and I started playing anything. There wasn't much else to do. We just kept playing till my brother Malcolm, the other guitarist, said, you wanna join my band? I say yeah, and this is it — AC/DC — that was in the end of '73.

I did go to school but I never used to go, used to truant. When I was fifteen I got kicked out. They used

Angus mugging for the late Bon Scott: "Yo want to stick out. Even if you were bad, you still want them to remember you."



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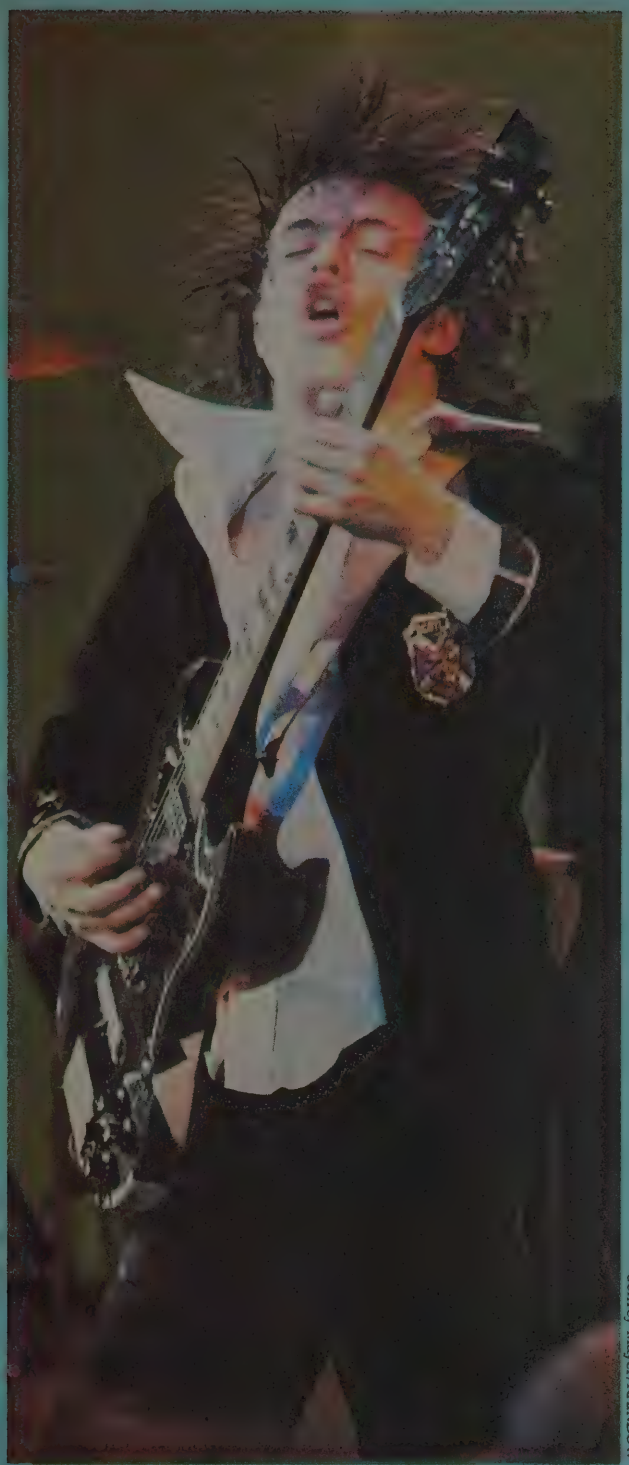


©Jeffrey Mayer/RAINBOW

Angus Young: "I saw all the women and I figured that looked good; I was horny. I got a guitar off my brother and I started playing anything."

to have these policies, if you weren't there for so many days a year, they figured you weren't worth teaching so they got rid of you. Unless you've got a big education there's not much chance of you doing anything.

When I was in school any time they asked you what you wanted to do, careers people, guidance people, if you told them what you wanted to do they told you that you weren't qualified. Either that, or that trade's not gonna be around ... even if you were dead set on it, y'know. I want to be a songwriter ... ah, that's a dying trade, can't be a songwriter, they don't have songwriters anymore. I say yeah you do, you see them every day going up in buildings and doing it. Yeah, but it's a dying thing, it's not gonna last. Same way they run out of oil. What do you want me to do? Make cars and fiddle around engines ... dead loss.

I worked too. I've done a bit of printing. I didn't mind doing it, got in the way when I started doing this so I left it alone.

"I did go to school but I never used to go, used to truant. When I was fifteen I got kicked out."

I started wearing a school suit because there are so many bands in the world. You want to stick out. You want people to remember you. Even if you were bad, you still want them to remember you. You want to get a reaction.

Critics can put the records down. They're not buying them. Look at it this way, if you went out and bought a t.v., you buy a t.v. you like, but you can go to someone's house and go ... that's a shithouse t.v., so that's where they come in. It's the people who buy 'em, they're the ones who are top to me. They're the ones. They can criticize 'em all they want. They bought it. It's theirs to say this is bad, I've been ripped off here. But I mean some guy just gets one thrown at him from a record company, he's gonna write a few words on it, actually he's nothing. People take it seriously because they're paying money for it. I do, to a point. To us, it's our living. We depend on it so you gotta take it pretty serious.

After the show's over you can laugh, but before it, you gotta think of what you're gonna do. Some kids will come up with everything you've ever done, bits of your fingernails. To them, it's something they really like. It's like some kids collect comics, fanatics on comics or stamps. It's the same way with rock and roll. You get a lot of kids who will have anything they can get their hands on. If they see something they really like, I mean a lot of them go overboard on it, and think, great, I'll get everything I can.

But some of them become musicians. Some of them end up working for music magazines. I know a few who started that way, collecting everything on their favorite band and then you see them a few years later and they're working, a couple of them working in big music papers in London. I know a couple of them. They started off writing to their local newspaper or school. It gives them an interest in life. It's better than rotting out as bank managers or clerical workers.

I'm happy playing; when I go on stage, I'm happy. America ... it's a country. I don't like the t.v. and things like that, the food I don't like, it's all fake, it's fake to me. If you're brought up here it's alright I suppose. I mean I can eat it. And I don't like every time you turn on the t.v. there's some guy running for President. It's time these people stopped. It's a big smile with nothing behind it. They smile and really they're assholes.

Here, they believe everyone, put them on a STAR. In England you really gotta prove what you're worth. You really gotta go out and keep playing to them till you get somewhere. I think they're more fanatical in England. They are very wild 'cause to them it means a lot. It probably means more 'cause there's not much money. A lot of kids go out and buy an album. Here they got a little bit more. In England it's tougher.

The biggest thing is if you've played one place and there's only 2,000 people and you go back next year and there's 6,000 or something like that or when it doubles, or when your album sales start going up. That's the biggest thrill 'cause it shows more people are liking you.□

Roots

DONNIE IRIS

Each month, *Hit Parader* takes a rock artist back to his old neighborhood. This month Donnie Iris gives us a tour of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, a steel town located about fifty miles south of Pittsburgh. *King Cool* is Donnie's second solo album and second straight hit.

by Charley Crespo

"We were all motorheads," Donnie Iris said as we drove past the strip he and his friends used to 'drag' down, back in his high school days. "We wanted fast cars. We used to hang out here with our cars at night, mostly our parents' cars. It was like a local meeting place. We used to tear ass out of here like a bat out of hell down the road, burning rubber. We'd challenge each other to drag races. I don't think to this day my dad knows we used to do that."

Iris' present car is a 1951 Buick he cleaned up. As far as Donnie knows, his $800 bargain may have belonged to a little old lady who only drove it to church on Sundays, because the car is in great shape. And except for the little secret kept from his father all these years, his family ties are in equally good shape.

Like most traditional Italian families, the Ieraces still live within minutes of each other. Donnie Iris, as he's now called, lives five minutes from his father and sister, who live next door to each other, and another five minutes from his grandparents. Donnie, his wife and two daughters live on the edge of Beaver Falls, the town Joe Namath also calls home.

Beaver Falls is inhabited by about 10,000 people and sits snugly in western Pennsylvania, about an hour's drive south of Pittsburgh. The major industry in the area is steel, and many people either work in steel mills or began there. Like Namath and countless other working-class youth, Iris had to decide whether to continue a humble existence in a mill town or dare to be special.

Drag races, pool rooms and a job as a shipping clerk for a mattress-cover factory behind him, Iris went off to Slippery Rock University, where he majored in chemistry. He quit after about 18 months.

"I couldn't get a grip on it," he said. "My parents were understanding and said 'go ahead and do what you want.' I appreciate it now. I realize how much money it was costing them for school and books. When I told them I wanted to quit and play music, it was no problem."

We drove by the Elk Club, where a younger Iris once sang. Then, we picked up Iris' dad, a former Elk, and drove him to Lou's Tavern, the bar he used to own. The Ieraces had seen young Donnie go through many bands, starting with Donnie and the Donells, but it wasn't until the Jaggerz, Donnie's first successful group, that he played his father's pub.

"They played once," the elder Ierace told us. "They didn't get paid because they owed me a favor, so they did it for free."

If there is one person to call on for bits of Ierace history, it's Grandma Ierace. Her face lit up the moment she spotted Donnie coming through her door. Grandpa Ierace, whose vision is weak, remained still and quiet as Grandma poured out her heart.

"How could he be anything but good?" she said lovingly, when we asked if young Donnie was a troublemaker. The woman with the charmingly thick Italian accent drew her thin grandson closer with a grip on his chin.

"Grandma, remember that macaroni you gave me?" Donnie asked. "I took it home and ate it right up."

"Did you like it, Donnie?" she asked, obviously ecstatic. "Did you?"

We flashed back to a night in an Italian restaurant in New York a few months ago, when Iris sang Italian standards along with a burly middle-aged woman. Here at the small kitchen table was another Italian woman who brought out a piece of Iris' history. This woman, as well as all of Iris' tight family, are a source for a great many current inspirations.

"Come back soon, Donnie," Grandma Ierace called soulfully, as she watched us leave. "Come back, you."□

Barbara Freeman

Father and son in front of Donnie's 1951 Buick: "We'd challenge each other to drag races. I don't think to this day my dad knows we used to do that."

Quick, name a guitarist that leads a band, writes music and has a flashy persona. The list is probably endless but can the same list be made for drummers? If a list were compiled, the name Carmine Appice would have to appear. Formerly with Vanilla Fudge; Beck, Bogart & Appice; Cactus and most recently with the Rod Stewart band, Appice is one of rock's best-known drummers. Now he has his own solo album, **Rockers,** and is undertaking a unique drum battle/drum clinic tour.

Some might question the wisdom of leaving the security of the Rod Stewart group. "There was really nowhere for me to go anymore," says the 33-year-old Appice. "His music is a little different from what I had planned to do myself. On **Foolish Behaviour** he started taming down the rhythm section quite a bit. On this new album, the drum parts were so simple that I didn't even want to play them. I was going to produce and somehow I got screwed out of getting credit for that — so I got a credit for mixing."

Now, with former Baby Tony Brock in his old drummer's spot, Appice doesn't see much of Stewart at all. "It was hard enough to see Rod when you were in the band," laughs the tall, dark-haired Appice, who sports a slight pink streak on both sides of his full mane. "He always has his cronies around, shielding him. When you make a phone call to his house, you have to go through the secretary and the butler and everyone else just to get to him. When you're trying to run a band, that can be difficult."

Carmine's solo album is heavy-duty rock with a prominent drum sound. "My concept is to bring the drums up front like Gene Krupa did in the 1940s," says Appice. "All the songs are drum oriented."

The mention of Gene Krupa is no random namedropping. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, Appice wanted to play jazz. "Rock drumming was a joke back then," he recalls. "Buddy Rich and Gene Krupa were my two idols. I used to go to the Birdland in New York and see the jazz shows. I listened to rock and roll all the time, but for playing it wasn't that much." Then, Cozy Cole's *Topsy* and Sandy Nelson's *Teen Beat* came out and changed Appice's ideas on rock drumming.

"Gradually, I started crossing over. I started playing rock gigs on Friday nights and then a jazz gig on Saturdays," he says. Finally, he joined a rock band called the Pigeons, which matured into Vanilla Fudge, considered by many to be the first heavy-metal band and one of Led Zeppelin's main influences. Carmine earned even more acclaim when he went on to play with guitarist Jeff Beck.

In 1971, Appice started conducting drum clinics and drum battles. These are, respectively, sessions to help aspiring drummers and full-blown contests to see who is the best drummer. Now, he is taking his concept coast to coast. "I figured if we are going to do this album which brings the drums out front, why not promote it with a drum oriented tour?" smiles Appice. "That way it would create the excitement as if you are doing a regular tour, but you would be doing it differently."

Covering between 20 and 25 cities, the clinics and battles may also include a bit of magic. "We're talking about incorporating magic into the drumming show. I might do a drum solo and the whole drum set disappears. I want to use black light with twirling sticks —some theatrics that have not been done with drums. If you put theatrics in a drum solo, it always works. The kids go crazy."

After this tour, Appice will consider a number of options. He may be Ted Nugent's drummer on his upcoming tour or he might team with Tom Petersson (formerly of Cheap Trick) and Rick Derringer to tour Japan. Meanwhile, some of his students from his drum clinics are taking their place in the rock world. His brother, Vinnie, is now with Black Sabbath. Others have gone on to work with Rainbow, *Beatlemania*, and the popular New York-area band Twisted Sister.

None of this makes Appice feel as if he is getting too old. "A lot of times you think 'yeah, I'm getting too old for this' but then there are a lot of guys older than me doing it," he says. "All the Beatle people are older than I am. The Stones are older. Rod Stewart is older. I'd like to do what Buddy Rich is doing, 64-years-old and he's still rocking."

For now, Appice wants to concentrate on his solo career. "I want to get back to American rock and roll," he says. "English rock and roll, other than Zeppelin and the heavy-metal groups, is all pretty wimpy. When I was with Stewart, Ted Nugent used to always ask me, 'when are you going to stop playing that wimpy English music and start playing some man's rock and roll?' "□

Carmine Appice sometimes feels he's "getting too old for this," but his Drum City Rocker Surfer Girls remind him what motivated him in the first place.

CARMINE APPICE
DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Rod Stewart's Former Banger Is Gone With The Wind

by Cary Darling

RINGO
STARR

HIT PARADER

Pick Hit GREG LAKE

Former Emerson, Lake & Palmer Vocalist No Longer Missing In Action

by Charley Crespo

"I think Emerson, Lake & Palmer chose the right time to stop," said Greg Lake, once one-third of England's most successful progressive rock band. "Perhaps we went on just a little bit too long. Essentially, we were together for ten years, and we exchanged as much as we could. I think if I were still with ELP, I'd feel I was in a rut. I think we'd be just going over old ground, whereas right now I feel I'm making really great strides forward."

The forward strides Lake referred to is his recent self-titled solo album and the new band he's assembled, which features former Thin Lizzy guitarist Gary Moore, former Gerry Rafferty keyboardist Tommy Eyre, former Rory Gallagher drummer Ted McKenna and bassist Tristram Margetts.

The new band, which has no name, is the third well-known all-star group for Lake. Lake's first popular recognition came when he and Robert Fripp and some of England's finest and most progressive musicians formed the original King Crimson, among the very first innovative rock bands. He lasted one album and tour before teaming up with Keith Emerson and Carl Palmer.

Although Lake insists the new outfit is a democratic group and not a singer with a back-up band, the debut album is largely one man's concept carried through with the help of others. The LP's simple graphics show a neon bass on one side and the name Greg in big neon letters on the back side; while Lake now plays guitar and bass, he was best known as a bassist/vocalist.

Greg Lake: "ELP wound up playing the same 20 songs every night. We lost touch with our creative identity."

That voice, still clear as a bell and instantly recognizable, sang FM standards like ELP's *Lucky Man*, *Fanfare for the Common Man* and *Welcome Back My Friends* and King Crimson's *20th Century Schizoid Man* and *In the Court of the Crimson King*, all trademark material he still performs in concert with the new band. This is the voice that, except for the old records, had been missing in action for too long. ELP's last album of new material was released in 1978.

"It took this long for me to feel right about what I'm doing and to feel ready to make a reappearance," he said, explaining his low profile of late. "It wasn't a predestined thing, you know. It's just that if you're a committed person, and I am, I don't think you can jump out of one thing into another the next day. I don't think that's natural.

"ELP wound up playing the same 20 songs every night. We lost touch with our creative identity. I needed to rediscover that, and that took me some time."

With the formation of the new band, Lake was inspired again. The bond between the members now is something new to Lake. Although Emerson, Lake and Palmer maintain a good relationship, he is quick to point out that they were never particularly good friends.

"This fantastic band gave me the feeling of wanting to perform again, very strong," he explained. "That's mainly it. It took me a long time and a lot of research to find these people. Not only are they probably the best musicians in the world, they're also some of the nicest people you'd ever wish to meet. Therefore, I think it'll be a band that will go the distance.

"Shortly after the end of ELP, which was three years ago, I realized that that was the finish of one thing and the start of another. It was time to start to research and develop something else. There were many times along that path that I was encouraged to release an album or go out and do a tour, but I haven't really felt right about it until now. You just know when something's right, and it's right now. It may have seemed like a long time, but the time went by awfully quickly." □

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

Survivor

For Survivor, it's been a long journey from the midwest to national recognition, but there have been many successes on the way. In 1970, Jim Peterik, guitar/keyboards/vocals, was with a band called the Ides of March and co-wrote its million-seller, *Vehicle*. Peterik recorded a solo album in 1973 after the group disbanded, but most recently, he has worked with .38 Special, co-writing *Hold On Loosely*, *Wild-Eyed Southern Boys* and *Fantasy Girl*, and he also co-authored the title track of the **Heavy Metal** soundtrack.

Peterik's association with David Bickler, lead vocals/synthesizer, began some years ago, when they were both singing on jingles sessions. Peterik met Frank Smith, lead guitar/vocals, when Smith was in a band called Mariah; they later became collaborators and together

©David Gahr

wrote *Rockin' Into The Night* for .38 Special. Survivor is filled out with Stephan Ellis, bass and Marc Droubay, drums.

Chicago's newest rock band is on the charts with *Poor Man's Son* from their **Premonition** album.

Quarterflash

Marv and Rindy Ross left the security of teaching jobs in 1977 to pursue their musical inclinations. The first sign of success came with a Portland, Oregon, group called Seafood Mama, which gained a considerable reputation as a performing unit. During the summer of 1980, however, the band released an independent single regionally. Before they knew it, *Harden My Heart* hit number one on three

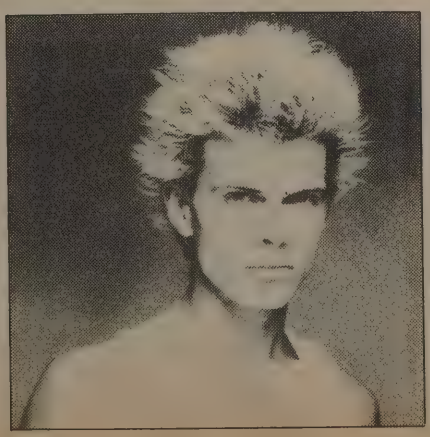
Oregon radio stations and Portland simulcast a one hour TV/radio special on them.

The duo eventually left that group, thought it did well on the Portland tavern circuit, and teamed up with another Portland band, Pilot. Marv continues to write much of the material with Quarterflash. The group consists of Rindy, vocals, sax; Marv and Jack Charles, guitars; Rick DiGiallonardo, keyboards; Rich Gooch, bass and Brian David Willis, drums. Their self-titled debut album is an across-the-board smash.

Billy Idol

"I feel new again," says Billy Idol, who has started a solo career after fronting Generation X, a pioneer new-wave band from England. "I'm looking for a new sound now."

Idol's original group had many hits in England during a four year career, but they failed to make any impact on these shores. In early 1981, Idol severed ties with the band and moved to New York City, where he became an instant personality on the new-wave scene,



just as his final effort with Generation X, *Dancing With Myself*, became a dance club standard. His first move toward a solo career is the four song 12-inch EP, **Don't Stop.**

"America hasn't had the revolutions Britain had," he says. "I see a lot of younger bands here doing interesting things, but they don't seem to be getting exposure. I want to generate something young and exciting."

Diesel

"We were initially into a lot of heavy metal, so we thought the name Diesel was appropriate," explains Mark Boon, lead vocalist/guitarist for the new Dutch rock band. "People are familiar with the name. They see it every time they drive into a gas station, and many of them associate it with us."

Boon was born in Indonesia of Dutch and British parents, but moved to Holland at age four. He emigrated to California a few years later and mastered the guitar in a series of garage bands before returning with his parents to Holland, where he met Rob Vulderink, guitars, and formed a musical relationship. Although it sounds strange that a Dutch group would sing about eating hamburgers and drinking root beers in California on the group's first hit, *Sausalito Summernight*, from the debut **Watts In A Tank** album, the song was inspired by a drive Boon took from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

The group also includes Hugo Bruin, guitarist; Wynand Ott, bass and Kim Weemhof, drums.□

GENESIS

BEST & BRIGHTEST

Unsinkable British Musicians Made For Each Other

by Andy Secher

Mike Rutherford: "Quite frankly, we're a bit unusual and strange ourselves."

"Don't talk to me about trends!," Genesis' keyboard-wiz Tony Banks said with a smile. "Genesis has never been a band to follow musical trends — we've always tried to set them. I look at the charts and see our album up there in front of all the so-called trendy releases, and I've just got to laugh.

"A few years ago the rock establishment had ordained that our type of music was out of tune with the 1980s, but we've managed to enjoy a certain degree of success, anyhow. All it proves is that there's still a market for more aesthetic music, but it does take more skill to play than the three-chord hard rock that some bands seem to favor.

"Too many musicians don't seem to have the patience or the desire to really learn their craft. They're in it more for the money than for the music. That, I can assure you, is something that will never be true with Genesis."

There can be no denying that the members of Genesis are superb musical craftsmen. After more than a decade atop the rock world, Banks, along with guitarist Mike Rutherford and vocalist/drummer Phil Collins, are still the most admired and successful British "progressive" act. On albums such as **And Then There Were Three** and last year's multi-platinum **Duke,** they have created a unique, classically-tinged sound with musical interludes and grandiose melodic structures that epitomize the English "art-rock" ideal.

With their newest album **Abacab** now atop the charts, despite the trend-oriented nature of the rock medium, Genesis is enjoying commercial success while creating some of the most entertaining and adventurous music in rock history, a pleasant combination.

"I think there's really no question that we're a stronger band today than ever before," Banks said with characteristic candor. "We've had our ups and downs over the last decade, especially when Peter (Gabriel) and Steve (Hackett) left the band, but we're much more mature now, which is undoubtedly reflected in the music we're making.

"Each of our albums has gotten progressively better, which is something I'm extremely proud of. I think that our success and longevity are fairly easy to explain, though. It all boils down to the simple fact that we're a very talented band. That may sound somewhat conceited," he added with a grin, "but it's the truth.

"We've always tried to accomplish special things with our music, and more often than not I think we've been successful. We're always looking for new ways to create a strong atmosphere and mood on our records, and we've accomplished that on **Abacab.**

"One of the things we've done to intensify that musical atmosphere has been to simplify our sound," Banks continued. "We've made the songs shorter and more direct which has increased their impact. We started this process on the **Duke** album, and we've really refined it on this one.

"We've also tried extra hard to magnify the melodic elements in our music, because melody has become an almost forgotten thing in much of today's music. Many bands are making a conscious effort to replace melody with extremely repetitious instrumental patterns which are really nothing more than a glorified rhythm track. That's something we've found very hard to accept, and on this album we've shown just how important a strong melody can be."

On **Abacab** the melodic intricacies displayed on numbers like *No Reply At All* and *Keep It Dark,* allows Genesis to create a record that is a testament to rock's artistic flexibility. Although some of the album's cuts

PHOTOS ©JEFFREY MAYER

seem more blatantly commercial than past band presentations, through the strength of their creative vision, the group injects a wide variety of musical elements into their approach and emerges with an album that is unmistakably Genesis.

"We always try to bring new things into our music," Mike Rutherford said. "On a song like *No Reply At All*, for instance, we used the Earth, Wind & Fire horns on what is our stab at creating 'white modern angular funk.' It's something different for us, to say the least, but it still has our stamp on it.

"Our whole approach on this album is rather unconventional, because we chose to produce it ourselves. We tend to be much braver when we only have ourselves to answer to. We've never been frightened to use things that are a bit unusual or strange, because, quite frankly, we're a bit unusual and strange ourselves."

"Even the way we came up with the album title was a little unusual," Phil Collins piped in. "We had three song bits that we wanted to utilize on the album and we really weren't sure exactly how to best use them. We kept shifting these three bits — which we had named bit a, bit b, and bit c — until we emerged with the mix that finally appeared on the album. It just so happened the combination that was finally successful was a, b, a, c, a, b. We used that as the working title of the song, and when it became time to come up with an album title we had all become rather fond of the word abacab — it had such a nice ring to it. It captured our mood at the time."

From their earliest days in London, Genesis has tried to uphold the artistic principles of rock and roll. Originally featuring the mercurial talents of vocalist Peter Gabriel (who left the band in 1976 to begin his highly successful solo career) Genesis, even on such early efforts as **Foxtrot** and **The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway**, became leaders in the escalating battle to expand the creative boundaries of popular music. Their attempts to combine revolutionary instrumental concepts with incredible visual theatrics — notably on *Watcher of the Skies* — spearheaded rock's exploration of previously alien vistas of expression and opened the doors for the eventual development of groups ranging from Tangerine Dream to Kiss.

"We were very much a show band when we were first starting," Banks said. "Peter, of course, was famous for his rather complex stage outfits which included everything from an 'old man' costume he wore during the performance of *Musical Box* to a fox-head mask that he seemed to have a particular fondness for. Each costume, though, tied in with the music we were performing, which unquestionably added an extra dimension to the songs themselves.

"That type of showmanship isn't as important to us anymore, but we've replaced it with the desire to always be a step ahead of the competition when it comes to the utilization of new instrumental or recording techniques. Also, we've had such an abundance of material to choose from that **Abacab** is one of our strongest albums ever."

"Many musicians don't seem to have the patience or the desire to really learn their craft. They're in it more for the money than for the music."

Phil Collins: "When it became time to come up with an album title we had all become rather fond of the word 'abacab.' "

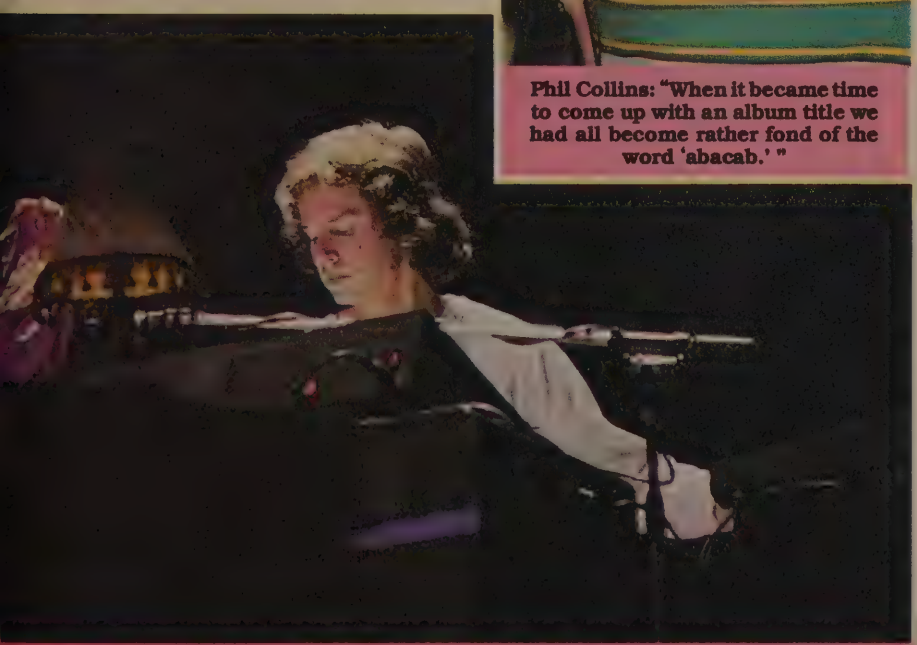
The "abundance of material" that Banks mentioned has, over the last few years, led each band member to seek out additional outlets for his musical creativity. All three released solo albums (with varying degrees of success) over the last eighteen months, and Collins is still involved with the British jazz-rock group, Brand X. Banks, however, seems to feel that these various outside projects have strengthened Genesis' musical foundation.

"Genesis has evidently become bigger than the sum of its parts," he said with a chuckle. "But we all realize that no matter what course each of us might choose to take, there will probably always be a Genesis. This band has evolved into a thing that we each love and respect, almost as if it's an entity unto itself.

"There's a special feeling when we all get together that we've not been able to achieve on our own. I know that we approached the recording of **Abacab** in a totally different manner than we approached our solo ventures. When you work on your own the responsibility is all on your shoulders, and there's really no one to bounce your ideas off.

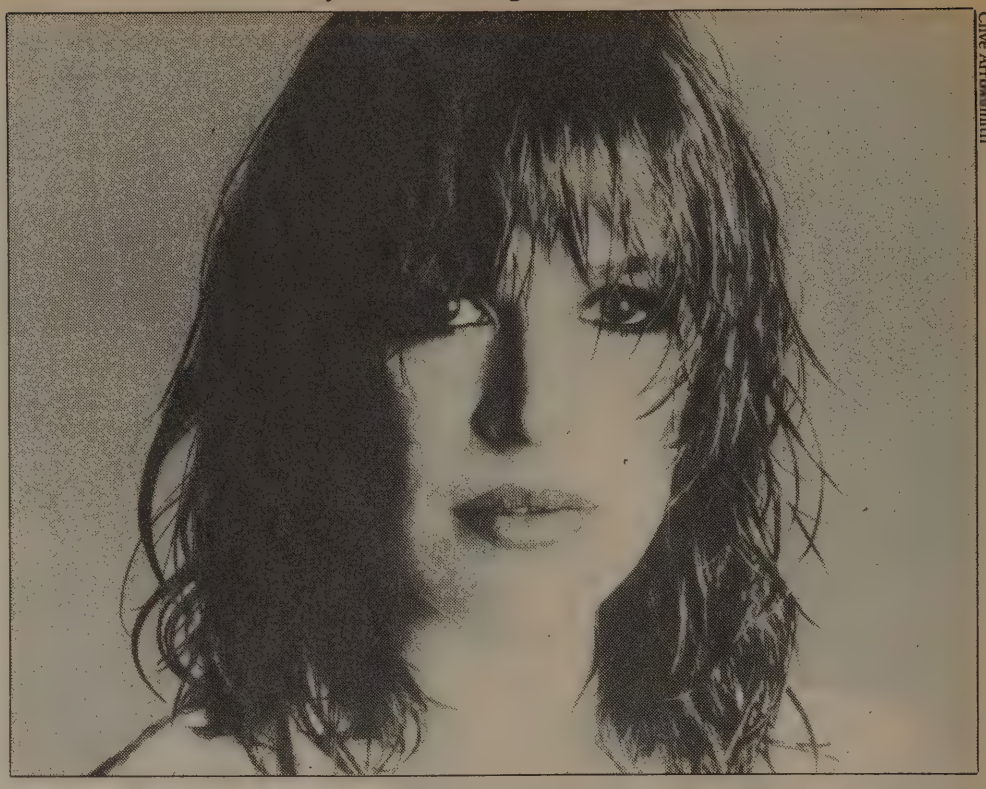
"I think we have the best group feeling we've had in a long time right now, and that's because we share a very special artistic camaraderie. On this album we were able to take snippets of ideas and expand or condense them, depending on what was needed. That's a very exciting process to be a part of, and it's something that you can only experience when you're working as part of a band.

"That's why Genesis will always hold a special place in our hearts. We may be able to create interesting music on our own, but only when we work together can we create that unique magic that is Genesis."□



Tony Banks: "The rock establishment had ordained that our type of music was out of tune with the 1980s."

Marianne Faithfull: "So you think I'm dangerous. Well, here, take a look at me."



Clive Arrowsmith

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

She Bet Her Life And Almost Lost

by Jill Lynne

I first met Marianne at the Chelsea Arts Ball in London. I didn't recognize her. She was lost in the ruffles of a large pink fru-fru Monica Chong ball gown. It was Molly Parkin who set up our introduction. Molly was living in the famous Rolling Stones House — the one that is reputedly haunted.

"Marianne won't set foot in the house," said Molly. "This is where it all happened; where she lived with Mick and the Stones, the scene of all those parties and drug busts."

Molly took me on a tour of the house, explaining how she was exorcising the ghosts by regularly telling them to "fuck off!"

Cheyne Walk is a lonely place, draped in memories. However, it was only when I entered the basement that I felt their presence. I was just about to say, "Now really Molly, I don't sense anything," when the sheer cold and dread of a particular corridor stopped me. "This is where Marianne was found unconscious during the notorious Mars Bar Bust," explained Molly.

As the Muses would have it, I wound up staying in the same Club as Marianne. "Sweetheart," she said, "I'm changing my role in life. The new album is called **Dangerous Acquaintances** because of what has been happening to me. I've been busted four times in two months. I used to live in a basement. It was very cheap and sort of 'open house,' with lots of people always coming and going. Some of them were very dodgey people and the result was that the police came several times. It's easy for the police to get a search warrant here. Letting in dangerous people ... there are people who are really bad for us ... and there is no way of getting away from that ... That's what it is about on one level.

"When **Broken English** came out a lot of the reviews in **Melody Maker** and other journals called it a corrupting record promoting dangerous living. And that is also why I've called this album **Dangerous Acquaintances.** It's a tongue-in-cheek sneer at all that. Clive Arrowsmith's photograph of me on the album makes me look like an angel. It's like I'm saying, 'So you think I'm dangerous. Well, here, take a look at me.'

"I have been experiencing poverty, which has been very healthy, since I have been very rich. I had money before I was seventeen, before I was living with Mick ... when I was making records. I made a lot of money, which people always forget. They think I started life living with Mick Jagger, which of course isn't true. I had made several albums in '64, '65, '66. I didn't start living with Mick until '66.

"I think he thought I was rather good ... But I couldn't compete. When I saw how the Rolling Stones were, I thought if I couldn't make records that mattered that much to people, then I didn't want to make records. So I stopped making them.

"But, perhaps like everybody, Mick felt that the only reality was his reality. And perhaps the most damaging was this feeling that 'Well, yes, you can work, but you'd have a much better time if you didn't ... if you just stayed here and grooved with us.' And it's very hard to stand up and say 'Well I'm just going off to work,' just at those times — 10 o'clock at night when things were starting to happen.

"What I've learned from my drug experience is that life and drugs are serious. It is a matter of life and death. That's one of the reasons that I think that people do get attracted to drugs. They want to put their life on a dramatic level. Now this is OK if you want to die. But I found out that I didn't want to die. I get a lot of my manias from books, drugs included. I experienced the drug life through books, through **Diary of a Drug Fiend,** through Baudelaire ... a romantic interest in opium. I don't think that goes on much now. All I'm stating is that I have the right to take drugs and live on the edge, or do anything at all. I'm not advocating it, but if you want to you can ... not that you should. I have lived on the edge and I have proved you can."□

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Exclusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers

compiled by
Bob Grossweiner

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we present the screamers: Steven Tyler, Joe Elliott and Guy Speranza.

Ron Pownall

Guy Speranza, lead vocalist, Riot

1. **Jailbreak,** Thin Lizzy
2. **Machine Head,** Deep Purple
3. **Let There Be Rock,** AC/DC
4. **Montrose,** Montrose
5. **Rainbow Rising,** Blackmore's Rainbow
6. **Strangers in the Night,** UFO
7. **Virgin Killer,** Scorpions
8. **Phenomenon,** UFO
9. **Fandango,** ZZ Top
10. **Burn,** Deep Purple

Joe Elliott, lead vocalist, Def Leppard

1. **Wildlife,** Mott the Hoople (And all the other Mott the Hoople albums.)
2. **Overnight Angels,** Ian Hunter (And all the other Ian Hunter albums.)
3. **Slaughter on 10th Avenue,** Mick Ronson
4. **Play Don't Worry,** Mick Ronson
5. **Drive On,** Mott
6. **Shouting and Pointing,** Mott
7. **Run With the Pack,** Bad Company
8. **Electric Warrior,** T. Rex
9. **Alladin Sane,** David Bowie
10. **Pretenders II,** Pretenders

Steven Tyler, lead vocalist, Aerosmith

1. **James Brown "Live" at the Apollo,** Volume II, James Brown
2. **S.F. Sorrow,** Pretty Things
3. **Vintage Years,** the Troggs
4. **Smiley Smile,** the Beach Boys
5. **Dyke's Greatest Hits,** Dyke and the Blazers
6. **Million Dollar Quartet,** Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, and Jerry Lee Lewis (bootleg)
7. **Jimi Hendrix Live at the BBC,** Jimi Hendrix (bootleg)
8. **Rocks,** Aerosmith
9. **The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl,** the Beatles
10. **Aftermath,** the Rolling Stones (English version)

Ross Halfin

HIT PARADER ROCK POLL

WIN FREE QUEEN
(Greatest Hits)

or OZZY OSBOURNE
(Diary of a Madman) LPs

On the coupon below list your three favorite rock acts, the acts you would most like to read about in **Hit Parader**. Not only will this help us provide the kind of coverage you want, but in our January, 1983 issue we will announce the winner: THE MOST POPULAR ROCK ACT IN AMERICA!

Also on the coupon check the album of your choice. Each month we will choose twenty respondents at random and mail out the free LPs.

Entries received after March 1, 1982 are not eligible.

List your three top rock acts and mail this coupon to:
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Derby, CT 06418

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Age ___

State _____ Zip _____

☐ **QUEEN** ☐ **OZZY OSBOURNE**

Would you rather get (choose one)

☐ additional articles (less song lyrics) in Hit Parader
☐ additional song lyrics (less articles) in Hit Parader

HIT PARADER'S

Sports Challenge

This month:

POINT BLANK'S RUSTY BURNS

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

Rusty Burns of Point Blank said he'd play anything when we arrived at the Broadway Arcade, but he parked himself by the Atari Asteroids machine anticipating an opening. He'd mentioned on the way over that while Point Blank is on the road, he's never satisfied until he can walk away from an Asteroids machine with his initials in the top ten standings.

Burns' talk was pretty intimidating, because Asteroids happens to be **Hit Parader's** Achilles Heel. Nevertheless, a challenge is a challenge, and we refused to back out.

As with music, New York is the final frontier in video games. Burns said that this was the fastest moving gameboard he'd ever played.

"I can't even get the first wave," a frustrated Burns said after he slammed the machine. For a big talker, he didn't do too well, getting under 2000 his first game and under 3000 his second. Although he beat us both times, we ribbed him about his alleged prowess.

"I gotta do better than 3000 or my mother will whip me," he said as we started the third game. A few minutes later, however, as he prepared for his last shot, he muttered, "God, I hope a miracle happens."□

Rusty Burns: "I gotta do better than 3000 or my mother will whip me."

Laurie Paladino

JON ANDERSON

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Former Yes-Man Searches For A New High

by Gene Kalbacher

Nick Nacca

Jon Anderson: "All they want to do is make you a scapegoat."

These days, Jon Anderson, the former lead vocalist of Yes, finds songwriting "easy" and "relaxing."

With the once-mighty Yes, the lanky, dark-haired Britisher wrote surreal, sci-fi lyrics celebrating "starship troopers," "topographic oceans" and the state of being "close to the edge." But recently, with the Greek keyboardist Vangelis, Anderson postponed his cosmic explorations in favor of a back-alley rendezvous with **The Friends of Mr. Cairo.**

This earthy, six-song album heralds landings as emphatically as Yes relished blast-offs. The gangsters depicted in the title track land in the gutter and find themselves close to the edge and even closer to the casket. This playful takeoff on **The Maltese Falcon** traces the fantasy and relives the fun of Hollywood's underworld classics of the '40s, a subject, some will be surprised to learn, that is dear to Anderson's heart.

Anderson's writing with Yes involved long group discussion and carefully considered song structures, but his writing with the avant-garde Vangelis is a more "spontaneous situation," says the vocalist, sitting on the couch of his suite at the Palace Hotel in New York City.

When Anderson recorded his first album with Vangelis, **Short Stories,** in 1980, the vocalist was still committed to Yes. That album spawned a hit single, *I Hear You Know,* and shortly thereafter Anderson left the group. Vangelis had, in fact, declined an offer to replace the departing Rick Wakeman, but Anderson denies that his work with Vangelis hastened his departure.

"There was a lot of pressure on the band," Anderson recalls, citing the tightening of radio playlists. "Yes was never a singles band, so our records were not selling in the quantities of, say, Journey and Foreigner. There were people in Yes who didn't care too much about the rat race of the Top 10 — we just enjoyed making music."

Asked how the group reacted to the pressure, Anderson laughingly replies, "Being English, we didn't kick each other around; we were pretty gentlemanly about it. There was no fighting, but there was a lot of frustration.

"The idea was for the band to have a break and relax from the pressure that can build up over 10, 12 years. There was definitely a need for it."

When the vocalist says "break," one senses that the group may reform at some point. "That was the idea," Anderson says. "I said, 'Let's have a break for a year, and then we'll come back and carry on.' Me and Rick thought that was a great idea, but the other three said, 'No, we want to go on the road. We're going to move on with or without you.' We said, 'Well, that's not the way it should go. But if that's the game...' "

Does he miss the glamour and big crowds? "It's funny, I don't miss it. But I'm coming back on tour next year." After his solo album, **Animation,** which he promises to be very "avant-garde and electronic," is released in January, he will form a group to play 3,000- to 4,000-seat halls in the United States.

"Since I've been in America," he says, "I've become very positive." But he contrasts that feeling with England, where he has granted only one interview in the last two years because "all they want to do is make you a scapegoat." For inspiration Anderson turns to his wife, Jenny, whom he also relies upon for strength "when there's no one else around." With Jenny, he points out, "it's like an old Paul Simon song. She's my best friend, and I can always count on her for good criticism. She's no fool."

Returning to the subject of his upcoming tour, Anderson admits, "I don't expect to sell out Madison Square Garden. I've already done that. In three or four years I'd love to try it again, but on a different musical high."□

FREEZE-FRAME

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

Freeze-frame.

I could see it was a rough-cut Tuesday
Slow-motion weekends stare me down
Her lipstick reflex got me wound
There were no defects to be found
Snapshot image froze without a sound.

Thursday morning was a hot-flash factor
Her face still focused in my mind
Test-strip proof-sheet love is hard to find
Friday night we'll dance the spotlight grind
Stop-time heart for me if she's not mine.

Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame woo
Now freeze.

Now I'm looking at a flashback Sunday
Zoom lens feelings just don't disappear
Close up darkroom sweet talk in my ear
Her hot-spot love for me is strong
This freeze-frame moment can't be wrong.
(Repeat chorus)

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TALKING OUT OF TURN

(As recorded by The Moody Blues)

JOHN LODGE

When I took a little loving from you
Oh I never thought about the hurting inside
But I took a little more than I should
Oh why, can't explain that I would ever
Let you slip through my fingers
Let you escape like yesterday
I would appreciate you knowing
I thought your love had come to stay.

Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn
Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn.

But I took a little more of you each day
When I didn't see that I was breaking you apart
With angry words of love I didn't mean
Oh why, can't believe that I would ever
Talk myself out of tomorrow
Talked like a fool to yesterday
And as the evening loses colour
Your love began to fade away.

Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn
Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn.

If I upset you
I didn't mean to hurt you
I didn't mean to make you cry
I don't need an alibi
To start me talking out of turn.

When I took a little loving from you
Oh I, can't believe that I would ever
(Talk)
Let you slip through my fingers
(Talk)
Let you escape like yesterday
(Talk)
I would appreciate you knowing
(Talk)
I thought your love had come to stay.

Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn
Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn.

Talking out of turn
Shot to pieces
When will I learn
Talk, talk, talk, talking out of turn
Talk, talk, talk, talking out of turn.

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LEADER OF THE BAND

(As recorded by Dan Fogelberg)

DANIEL FOGELBERG

An only child alone and wild
A cab'net maker's son
His hands were meant for diff'rent work
And his heart was known to none
He left his home and went his lone and solitary way
And he gave to me a gift
I know I never can repay.

A quiet man of music
Denied a simpler fate
He tried to be a soldier once
But his music wouldn't wait
He earned his love thru' discipline
A thund'ring velvet hand
His gentle means of sculpting souls
Took me years to understand.

The leader of the band
Is tired and his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs thru' my instrument
And his song is in my soul
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
I'm just a living legacy
To the leader of the band.

My brother's lives were diff'rent
For they heard another call
One went to Chicago and the other to St. Paul
And I'm in Colorado
When I'm not in some hotel
Living out this life I've chose
And come to know so well.

I thank you for the music
And your stories of the road
I thank you for the freedom
When it came my time to go
I thank you for the kindness
And the times when you got tough
And papa I don't think I said "I love you" near enough.

The leader of the band
Is tired and his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs thru' my instrument
And his song is in my soul
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
I'm just a living legacy
To the leader of the band
I am the living legacy
To the leader of the band.

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ABACAB

(As recorded by Genesis)

TONY BANKS
PHIL COLLINS
MIKE RUTHERFORD

Look up on the wall
There on the floor
Under the pillow
Behind the door
There's a crack in the mirror
Somewhere there's a hole in the window pane.

Do you think I'm to blame
Tell me do you think I'm to blame
(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab).

If you're wrapping up the world
'Cause you've taken someone else's girl
When they turn on the pillow
Even when they answer the telephone
Don't you think that by now
Tell me don't you think that by now.

(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab)
Doesn't really care.

You want it
You've got it
Now you know
You want it
You've got it
Now you know.

It's an illusion
It's a game
Or reflection
Of someone else's name
When you wake in the morning
Wake and find you're covered in cellophane
Well there's a hole in the somewhere
Yeah there's a hole in the somewhere
Baby there's a hole in the somewhere
Now there's a hole in the somewhere.

(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab).

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HEART LIKE A WHEEL

(As recorded by The Steve Miller Band)

STEVE MILLER

I've got a heart like a wheel
Feel like I've got to roll
Oh a heart like a wheel
I told you so
And I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so.

Well I can give what I take
And you know I want to give you my love
Babe I ain't fakin' you know
I want to give you my love
I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so
Come on and roll.

I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so.

It takes two to make love
It takes love to make a family real
I got to know what you need
I got to know what you really feel
And I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so
Come on and roll.
You know it's such a pity
If you're gonna get the summertime blues
Lovers everywhere are pairing off two by two
And I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so.

I've been lovin' you for so long
You are the one
Heart so real
I love you so
I've got a heart like a wheel
I love you so
I've got a heart like a wheel
I've got to roll.

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COMIN' IN AND OUT OF YOUR LIFE

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand)

RICHARD PARKER
BOBBY WHITESIDE

I still can remember
The last time I cried
I was holding you and loving you
Knowing it would end
I never felt so good
Yet felt so bad
You're the one I love
And what makes it sad
Is you don't belong to me.

And I can remember
The last time I lied
I was holding you and telling you
We could still be friends
Tried to let you go
But I can't you know
And even though I'm not with you
I need you so
But you don't belong to me.

Comin' in and out of your life
Isn't easy
When there's so many nights
I can't hold you
And I've told you
These feelings are so hard to find.

Comin' in and out of your life
Will never free me
'Cause I don't need to touch you, to feel you
It's real with you
I just can't get you out of my mind.

But I can remember
The last time we tried
Each needing more than we could give
And knowing all the time
A stronger love just can't be found
Even though at times this crazy world
Is turning upside down
You'll always belong to me.

Comin' in and out of your life
Isn't easy
When there's so many times I can't hold you
And I've told you
These feelings are so hard to find.

(Comin' in)
Comin' in and out of your life
Will never free me
I don't need to touch you, to feel you
It's so real with you
I can't get you out of my mind
But I can remember.

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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

(As recorded by Triumph)

RIK EMMETT

The days grow shorter
And the nights are getting long
Feels like we're running out of time
Every day it seems much harder
Telling right from wrong
You got to read between the lines.

Don't get discouraged, don't be afraid, we can
'N' make it through another day
Make it worth the price we pay.

Fight the good fight every moment
Every minute, every day
Fight the good fight every moment
It's your only way.

The Good Book says it's better to give than to receive
I do my best to do my part
Nothin' in my pockets
I got nothin' up my sleeve
I keep my magic in my heart
Keep up your spirit
Keep up your faith baby
I am counting on you
You know what you've got to do.
(Repeat chorus)

All your life you've been waiting for a chance
Where you'll fit into the plan
But you're the master of your own destiny
So give and take
The best that you can.

You'd think a little more money will buy your soul some rest
You'd better think of something else instead
You're so afraid of being honest with yourself
You'd better take a look inside your head.

Nothin' is easy
Nothin' good is free
But I can tell you where to start
Take a look inside your heart
There's an answer in your heart.
(Repeat chorus)

Every moment of your lifetime
Every minute every day
Fight the good feeling every moment
Make it worth the price we pay.

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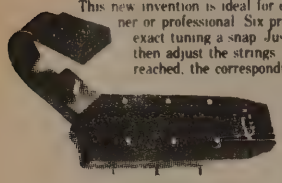

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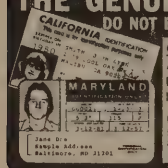

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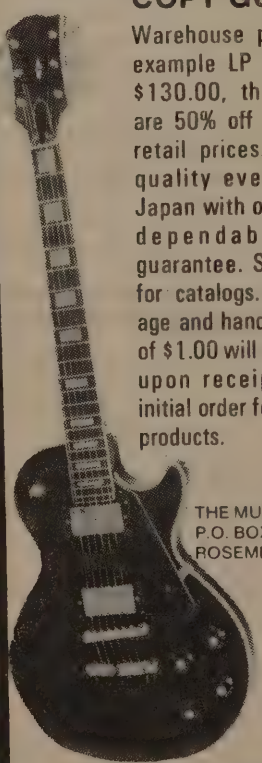

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IF I WERE YOU

(As recorded by Lulu)

JERRY FULLER
JOHN HOBBS

If I were you
I'd look the situation over
It wasn't just by accident
Our paths were meant to cross eventually
You say you've lost each time you tried to give
Well I don't mean to tell you how to live
But if I were you
I'd fall in love with me.

Don't get me wrong
I don't pretend to know the future
But if you feel it half as much as I do
When your body touches me then you must know
It's worth at least a try
So please don't let the good life pass you by
Boy if I were you
I'd fall in love with me.

And if you were me
You'd feel a pounding deep inside you growing stronger
And through these eyes you'd see there isn't any reason to wait any longer.

Take my advice and all the love I have to give you
Odds are this time you just can't miss
What happened in the past is history
But what's going on right now can't be denied
And I only want to help you to decide
So if I were you
I'd fall in love with me.

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SOMEONE COULD LOSE A HEART TONIGHT

(As recorded by Eddie Rabbitt)

EDDIE RABBITT
EVEN STEVENS
DAVID MALLOY

There's a full moon out tonight
And love is movin' in the shadows
I got no place to run
And it's following me everywhere that I go
There's something in the air
I can feel it everywhere
All the conditions are right
Someone could lose a heart tonight
Someone could lose a heart.

With all this kissin' and huggin' and heavy breathin'
Fallin' under the spell of the love you're weavin'
It's gonna get crazy baby if you don't stop
Someone could lose a heart tonight
Someone could lose a heart.

Lookin' in your eyes tonight
Don't ya know you got me hypnotized
Didn't mean to fall in love,
But who could leave this paradise
I can feel it when we touch
Oh, it's too much
All the conditions are right
Someone could lose a heart tonight
Someone could lose a heart.

With all this kissin' and huggin' and heavy breathin'
Fallin' under the spell of the love you're weavin'
It's gonna get crazy baby if you don't stop
Someone could lose a heart tonight
Someone could lose a heart.

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TROUBLE

(As recorded by Lindsey Buckingham)

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM

I really should be saying goodnight little girl
I really shouldn't stay any more
It's been so long since I felt this way
I almost forgot what love is for.
I should run on the double
I think I'm in trouble
I think I'm in trouble.

So come to me darlin' hold me tight
Let your honey keep you warm
It's been so long since anyone touched me
That I almost forgot what love is for.

I should run on the double
I think I'm in trouble
I think I'm in trouble.

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THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

(As recorded by John Denver)

BOBBY GOLDSBORO

In the airport lounge she sat in a Marlene Dietrich hat
The grandest lady I had ever seen
Outside the heavy rains had grounded all the planes
So I asked her if she'd like some company.

In my rhinestone studded suit, my cowboy hat and boots
I must have been a sight for her to see
But she said, "Pull up a chair"
As she fumbled with her hair
A more unlikely pair you'll never see.

I was Mogen David wine, she was Chablis Fifty-nine
But there we sat, the cowboy and the lady
She was ski resorts in Aspen and summers in Paree
I was Grand Ole Opry, Nashville, Tennessee.

The cowboy and the lady
As different as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night in Tennessee.

Then somewhere in between her Harvey's Bristol creme
And the seven beers I ordered for the lady
We somehow came together
For a night of stormy weather
Now there's a little bit of class in this old cowboy
And there's a little bit of cowboy in the lady.

The cowboy and the lady
As diff'rent as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night in Tennessee.

And when the thunder had all gone
And the night turned into dawn
I woke up all alone without the lady
She'd left a note for me
Said it was nice in Tennessee
But it could never be for you and me
No it could never be for a cowboy and a lady.

The cowboy and the lady
As diff'rent as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night in Tennessee.

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LIVING EYES

(As recorded by the Bee Gees)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB
MAURICE GIBB

Would you believe me if I told you
your tomorrow is my yesterday
But be alive I know that we will
The world keeps on movin' but I'm holdin' still.

In the beginning I was far away and praying for my destiny that would arrive the moment you're born
For we will be here when the miracle comes.

Living eyes
When under the sun don't cry
No war in my mind
The state of my heart
Living eyes
When out in the rain will fall
The day I deny the face of my love
We are of age we are in time we are forever
Right now when the power is mine
I leave you heaven and earth I leave you never
And livin' to love is the reason we shine.

When I been over I been under
I don't own a dream to analyze
But livin' eyes you know that I do
Believe in the soul and the magic of you.

Living eyes
When under the sun don't cry
No war in my mind
The state of my heart
Living eyes
When out in the rain will fall
The day I deny the face of my love
We are of age we are in time we are forever
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The state of my heart.

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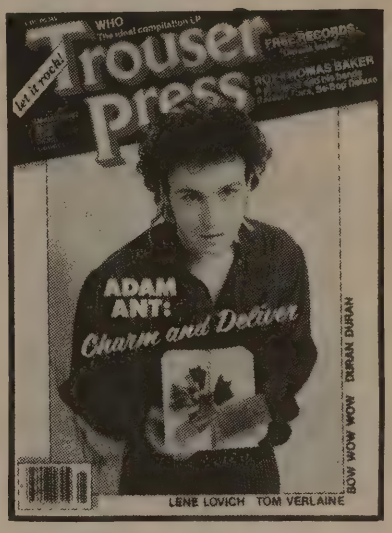

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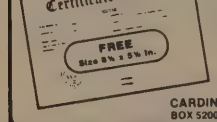

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UNDER PRESSURE

(As recorded by Queen and David Bowie)

FREDDIE MERCURY
JOHN DEACON
BRIAN MAY
ROGER TAYLOR
DAVID BOWIE

Pressure pushing down on me
Pressing down on you
No man ask for
Under pressure
That burns a building down
Splits a family in two
Puts people on streets.

It's the terror of knowing
What this world is about
Watching some good friends
Screaming let me out
Pray tomorrow gets me higher
Pressure on people, people on streets.

Chippin' around
Kick my brains around the floor
These are the days it never rains but it pours
People on streets
People on streets.

It's the terror of knowing
What this world is about
Watching some good friends
Screaming let me out
Pray tomorrow gets me higher
Pressure on people, people on streets.

Turned away from it all like a blind man
Sat on a fence but it don't work
Keep coming up with love
But it's slashed and torn
Why, why, why
Love
Insanity laughs under pressure we're cracking
Can't we give ourselves one more chance
Why can't we give love that one more chance
Why can't we give love.

Cause love's such an old fashioned word
And love dares you to care for
The people on the edge of the night
And love dares you to change our way of
Caring about ourselves
This is our last dance
This is our last dance
This is ourselves
Under pressure
Under pressure
Pressure.

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SWEET MERILEE

(As recorded by Donnie Iris)

M. AVSEC
D. IRIS

She comes on like daylight softly creeping
Sneaking through the glass
When I taste her lips
I know the night time ain't for sleeping
Cause morning comes too fast with Merilee
Sweet Merilee.

Merilee please don't go
Merilee please don't go
I need you so
You've got to know
I'll never let you go.

Laying on her side
The clouds desert the sky
Washing her with moonlight
In a Cinderella sleep
The twilight kissed her eyes
Dream a little dream of me tonight
Merilee
Sweet Merilee.

Merilee please don't go
Merilee please don't go
I need you so
You've got to know
I'll never let you go
Merilee.

Will she leave me at the witching hour
Cast a magic spell
Before she disappears into her ivory tower
There's no way I can tell with Merilee
Sweet Merilee.

Merilee please don't go
Merilee don't you go
I need you so
You've got to know
I'll never let you go
Merilee
Merilee please don't go
I need you so
You've got to know
I'll never let you go
Merilee
Merilee.

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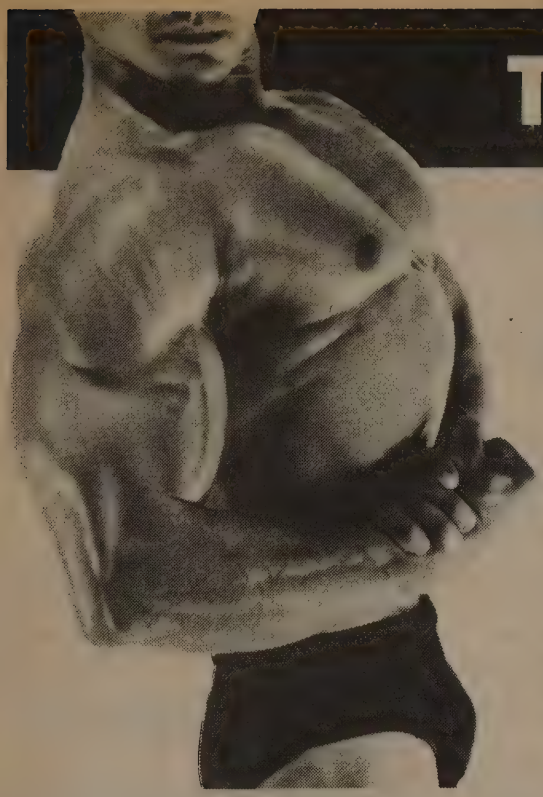

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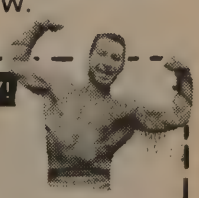

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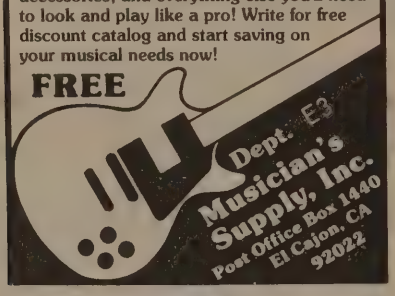

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YOUNG TURKS

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

ROD STEWART
KEVIN SAVIGAR
CARMINE APPICE
DUANE HITCHINGS

Billy left his home with a dollar in his pocket
And a head full of dreams
He said somehow someway it's gotta get better than this
Patti packed her bags left a note for her mamma
She was just seventeen
There were tears in her eyes when she kissed her little sister goodbye.

They held each other tight as they drove on through the night
They were so excited
We got but one shot at life let's take it while we're still not afraid
Because life is so brief and time is a thief
When you're undecided
And like a fistful of sand it can slip right through your hands.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Don't let them put you down
Don't let 'em push you around
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view.

Paradise was closed so they headed for the coast in a blissful manner
They took a two room apartment that was jumping every night of the week
Happiness was found in each other's arms
As expected yeah
Billy pierced his ears, drove a pick-up like a lunatic ooh.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Don't let them put you down
Don't let 'em push you around
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view.

Come on Billy.

(Ooh)
Young hearts be free tonight
(Ooh)
Time is on, on your side.

Billy wrote a letter back home to Patti's parents
Trying to explain
He said we're both real sorry that it had to turn out this way
But there ain't no point in talking when there's nobody listening
So we just ran away
Patti gave birth to a ten pound baby boy yeah.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Young hearts gotta run be free to live
Time is on your, time is on your side
Time, time, time, time is on your side, is on your side, is on your side
Young hearts be free tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight yeah
Time is on your side
(Ooh).

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PAY THE DEVIL

(As recorded by The Knack)

BERTON AVERRE

Ooo baby ooo ooo baby ooo
Got to learn to give the devil his due.

You've got it made
And you made it your way
Life's looking great
Now you've found the right game to play
Came a long way from the Valley
Aimed so high
Shot so true.

Ooo baby ooo ooo baby ooo
Everybody got to read the review
Ooo baby ooo even you
Got to learn to give the devil his due.

I'm not alone
I'm lonely for you
Won't use the phone
No I don't want to say it's true
Still your frame hangs in the gallery
The paint is dry but the pain's still new.

Ooo baby ooo ooo baby ooo
Everybody got to read the review
Ooo baby ooo even you
Got to learn to give the devil his due.

Why do I feel
Cold, lonely and small
Oh so painfully real
When after all it was you
Just you, you, you, you, you.

Ooo baby ooo ooo baby ooo
Everybody got to read the review
Ooo baby ooo even you
Got to learn to give the devil his due oh yeah
Got to learn to give the devil his due
Yes you do.

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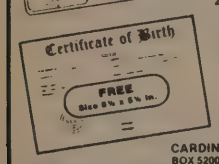

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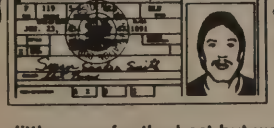

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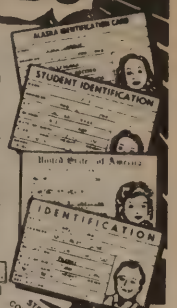

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SHE'S GOT A WAY

(As recorded by Billy Joel)

BILLY JOEL

She's got a way about her
I don't know what it is
But I know that I can't live without her
She's got a way of pleasin'
I don't know why it is
But there doesn't have to be a reason anywhere.

She's got a smile that heals me
I don't know what it is
But I have to laugh when she reveals me
She's got a way of talkin'
I don't know why it is
But it lifts me up when we are walkin' anywhere.

She comes to me when I'm feelin' down
Inspires me without a sound
She touches me and I get turned around
She's got a way of showin'
How I make her feel
And I find the strength to keep on goin'
She's got a light around her
And ev'rywhere she goes a million dreams of love surround her ev'rywhere.

She comes to me when I'm feelin' down
Inspires me without a sound
She touches me I get turned around
Oh oh oh.

She's got a smile that heals me
I don't know why it is
But I have to laugh when she reveals me
She's got a way about her
I don't know what it is
But I know that I can't live without her any way.

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A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES

(As recorded by Kiss)

PAUL STANLEY
LOU REED
BOB EZRIN
GENE SIMMONS

A world without heroes
Is like a world without sun
You can't look up to anyone without heroes
A world without heroes
Is like a never ending race
Is like a time without a place
A pointless thing devoid of grace
Where you don't know what you're after
Or if something's after you
And you don't know why
You don't know in a world without heroes
In a world without dreams
Things are no more than they seem.

And a world without heroes
Is like a bird without wings
Or a bell that never rings
Just a sad and useless thing
Where you don't know what you're after
Or if something's after you
And you don't know why
You don't know
In a world without heroes
There's nothing to be
It's no place for me.

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OUTLAW

(As recorded by Riot)

GUY SPERANZA
MARK REALE

Down below the border
Robbed a bank in Mexico
Half crazed on tequila
Half a million in gold.

There's thunder in the ground
I can hear the sounds
A show down in the distance
They're gonna ride 'em down.

Bet your life on a silver ball
Spin it 'round the wheel
Will it land on the black or the red
Outlaw got no deal.

When he gambled with women
Kept an ace up his sleeve
Always got what he came for
Never placed it clean.

Then he was blinded by passion
Playin' in a game of fools
Thought she was lucky, thought she was his best bet
Guess you find out when you lose.

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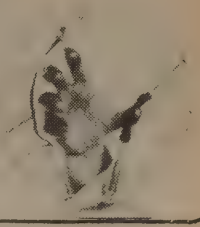

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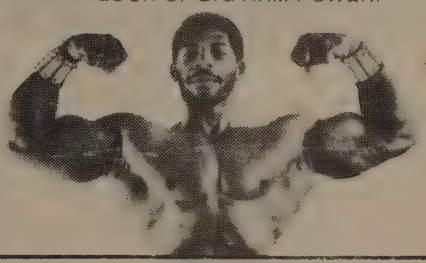

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LET ME LOVE YOU ONCE BEFORE YOU GO

(As recorded by Greg Lake)

MOLLY-ANN LEIKIN
STEPHEN H. DORFF

It's like looking in the window of a fine boutique
Knowing there is nothing I could ever buy

Still I want to love so much that I could die
But I just can't lead a double life
Being one man's love, one man's wife

But you can start a fire ragin' just by touching me
Even though I know we're not supposed to touch

Oh I never wanted anyone so much
How I wish that I had found you first
Don't you see my heart's about to burst.

Let me love you once before you go
Your eyes keep saying "yes" to me
So don't keep saying "no"
Let me love you once and then you'll see
No one's ever gonna love you more than me.

Let me lock the door and open all my love to you
All the love I've longed to give you since we met
It's the only chance I'm ever goin' to get
And I just can't let you disappear
Oh my darling please come over here.

Let me love you once before you go
Your eyes keep saying "yes" to me
So don't keep saying "no"
Let me love you once and then you'll see
No one's ever gonna love you more than me
No one's ever gonna love you more than me.

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HANG FIRE

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

In the sweet old country
Where I come from
Nobody ever works
Nothing ever gets done
We hang fire
We hang fire.

You know marrying money is a full time job
I don't need the aggravation
I'm a lazy slob
We hang fire
A hang fire, hang fire, hang
Put it on the wire baby
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Hang.

Hang fire
We got nothing to eat
We got nowhere to work
Nothing to drink
We just lost our shirts
I'm on the dole
We ain't for hire
Say what the hell
Say what the hell
Hang fire, hang fire
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire, hang fire, hang fire.

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do
Hang fire, hang fire.
Yeah take a thousand dollars
Go and have some fun
Put it all on at a hundred to one.

Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do.

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LITTLE T & A

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

She's my little rock and roll ah ah ah
Oh she's my little rock and roll baby.

The heat's raiding
Tracks are fading
Joint's rocking
Could be any time at all
But the bitch keeps bitching
The snitcher keeps snitching
Dropping names and telephone numbers and all well.

She's my little rock and roll ah ah
Oh she's my little rock and roll ah ah ah.

Dope dealing, dealer's squealing
The pools in but the patio ain't dry
Well the sense is sensing that the juice keeps pumping
And I know why.

She's my little rock and roll ah ha
My tits and ass with soul baby
She's my little rock and roll ah ha
Oh she's my little rock and roll ha
You got to shock dem, show dem
She's my little rock and roll yeah
Shock, shock, shock, my my.

Well the sense is sensing that the juice keeps pumping
And I know why hey
The bitch keeps bitching
The snitcher keeps snitching
Dropping names and telephone numbers and all.

She's my little rock and roll ah ha
My tits and ass with soul baby
She's my little rock and roll yeah
You got to shock dem, show dem
She's my little rock and roll ah ha.

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WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

FRANKIE LYMON
MORRIS LEVY

Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah
Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah
Why do fools fall in love.

Why do birds sing so gay
And lovers await the break of day
Why do they fall in love
Why does the rain fall from up above
Why do fools fall in love
Why do they fall in love.

Love is a losing game
Love can be a shame
I know of a fool you see
For that fool is me
Tell me why
Tell me why
Why do fools fall in love.

Why does my heart skip a crazy beat
For I know it will reach defeat
Tell me why
Tell me why
Why do fools fall in love.

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THE SWEETEST THING (I've Ever Known)

(As recorded by Juice Newton)

OTHA YOUNG

When I see you in the morning
With the sleep still in your eyes
I remember all the laughter and the tears we shared last night
And as we lie here
Just two shadows in the light before the dawn
The sweetest thing I've ever known is loving you.
Now you and I we're not children
We have both been loved before
We have given and we have taken many rides on troubled shores
But all the heartache and temptation
Only make me love you more
The sweetest thing I've ever known is loving you.

And I have never been afraid of losing
I have never wanted love to be a chain
I only know that when I'm with you
You're my sunshine, you're my rain
The sweetest thing I've ever known is loving you.

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WHEN YOUR HEART SAYS IT'S RIGHT

(As recorded by The Michael Stanley Band)

KEVIN RALEIGH

We may not have tomorrow
We ain't got yesterday
We sit around and look into each other's eyes
Then you tell me you can't stay
Girl I know you've got your reasons
When you tell them
Well they seem so strong
So once again you say you're leaving
What's it take to show you you're so wrong.

Honey when your heart says it's right
You've got to listen to what it's sayin'
Ooh when your heart says it's right
Just let it lead you to love
Lead you to love.

We all hold on to something
So afraid to change
You come and tell me you've been crying every night
Why does that seem strange
You're so afraid to reach your hand out
Let me make you feel that you belong
It hurts so bad when I can't touch you
What's it take to show you you're so wrong.

Honey when your heart says it's right
You've got to listen to what it's sayin'
Ooh when your heart says it's right
Just let it lead you to love
Lead you to love
Where is the love now baby
Where is the love.

When your heart says it listen to what it's sayin'
Ooh when your heart says it's right
Just let it lead you to love
Lead you to love
When your heart says it's right
When your heart says it's right
When your heart says it's right
You've got to listen to what it's sayin'.

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Mick Jagger: "I am not a good player and not a fantastically good anything. OK, I can sing, but I'm not really a good singer."

©Allan S. Adler/TOPIX INC.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

by Ray Bonici

"I've been in rock and roll all my life and it's definitely not one of those things where you can just quit. I'm sure at the beginning everyone thought that rock was just a phase where it came and went like the Cha-cha." MICK JAGGER 'JULY 1980'.

Since their evolution in London some 20 years ago, the Rolling Stones have survived too many events in their career to mention. We all know about their records, their extravagant shows, success, stormy paths, private lives, drug busts, the trials ... History speaks for itself. But what the Stones were able to do over the last two decades was to carve a music monument as colossal as Mount Everest. No other band has been around as long or as successfully. And they are still in demand, as evidenced by their "sold-out" U.S. tour and the million-seller **Tattoo You** album.

After 20 years of this scandal-loving, gossip-eating music business the Stones have learned their answers quite well.

Year after year after year, Jagger remains the same. That unmistakable humor of his blended with a twist of sarcasm never fails to raise a smile. It even makes him a very charismatic person. And Jagger likes to laugh a lot. It's all part of r&r. But how long can he keep on laughing with r&r rapidly becoming an old hat and soon a game of the past? Can he still get "satisfaction" out of it or is it "all over now" and getting perhaps too serious for his liking?

"I still enjoy playing it," he whispered, almost drawn back with a sad expression. "But when I was 14 I really had a lot of fun at it because I didn't know what I was doing. That's the great thing about it when you don't know fuck all what you're doing. Now, I enjoy it but it's a little bit more exacting because r&r itself is an older form of music.

"You can't just play like you used to, even if it's a new band or an old band. It's a bit too professional for my liking and that's the one drawback about it. It's also rather limiting because people still like to see just 5 people standing there on stage. It's still the same thing that I find limiting. Rock and roll can become very repetitive and boring after a short while."

What about expanding on it and trying to reach other limits through experimentation?

"Well that's OK if you are a musician. But I don't want to be a musician," he confessed. "I never ... I'm not ... I can never have the talent. It's no point. I am not a good player and not a fantastically good anything. OK, I can sing, but I'm not really a good singer. If you're young you just have to do that for about 10 years, don't you, 365 days a year?" Jagger felt a pinch. It was nothing, only time going by.

It's sad to imagine R&R without

Jagger and the Stones. Somehow it wouldn't be the same in legend and style. As usual "age" is the culprit. Jagger is 37. What used to be the major event in his life; i.e. The Rolling Stones, is now most definitely an occasional affair, with tours and records an "event" rather than a lifestyle.

"It's really all a sideline to me. I just forget about it. So when the tour is over and the record is done I just won't think about it for another six months. I won't play any music or anything, otherwise it would drive me crazy. I would just go away somewhere and do something else and just travel."

Jagger keeps himself preoccupied with other activities. He might as well leap now before he's not able to do it anymore.

"I suppose I just have to do it until I really feel I can't do it anymore, which should be for another 3 or 4 years I suppose. But I mean, even then I have to do it in a different way. I can still do it like a kind of method for a little while."

With record buyers and concert goers now averaging half his age does he feel like a fish out of water. Surprisingly his looks don't reveal his age, mainly because he has become a health freak these days, but that's besides the point.

"You can't really think like that anymore," he insisted while fingering the collar of his permanently displayed blue track suit. "There was a time when I worried about that, but it's gone so beyond that now. When you're 30 people would say 'Well, you are a bit old aren't you?' You just agree. Then you get over that and talk to 11-year-olds. Well, they got to think that you're as old as forever. I remember what I used to think of people my age. But so what? I mean I don't even understand why they would be interested, but the fact is that they are, and they've got to think that you're as old as anything ... not just an older-looking guy but ooooold ... and they still buy your records and buy thousands of tickets to see you."

The American tour was a huge success. **Tattoo You**, which Jagger describes as "a good, honest album" sold well over a million units in the first week alone. Mentally the Stones can go on for another 30 years, but physically it's just not possible for them to continue as a unit. Individually, however, this has its exceptions. For instance, since Jagger became a jogging enthusiast and a health freak he feels younger and more energetic than he did five years ago. He doesn't smoke, doesn't booze much and keeps himself as contented as possible.

"I still don't know how I cope with the things I do and still feel fit," he said in reference to his activities as manager, businessman, traveller of the universe, buyer of French houses, record maker and actor going to Peru for films that don't exactly turn out to plan. "It was a ridiculous, hilarious, dangerous experience," he said about the film **Fitzcarraldo**. "But I still intend to make more films."

"They'll hang out in Keith's room playing music or sitting around getting drunk."

So for the future we will be seeing the "method" coming into production, either via films like **Kalki**, based on Gore Vidal's book, which he is producing and shooting in India, or via solo albums. Apparently he's got enough material to fill a music library.

His mate, Keith Richards, shares different views on the subject of solo albums. He has no plans to rush into solo activities.

"It doesn't feel right for me to do it," he recently told me when I spent some time with the Stones on a farm in deep Massachusetts country. "Besides that I think it creates a division and I don't want to put myself in that position. There is a certain amount of selfishness and self-preservation built into that because the main idea is to keep the Stones together. For instance, I don't pretend that any of that 'album by me' is going to mean shit compared to what I can do with the Stones."

It is this dedication, commitment and democracy that makes Keith Richards the Rolling Stones. Lots of people have identified with it. At 37, Keith is a cool guy whose age has caught up with him much quicker than his jogging companion. His greying hair attests to the experience in this man. Just read his life history and you know what I mean. To many people Keith is a legend, the ultimate rock and roll hero. Not only have other musicians chosen to play like him and copy his unique guitar style, but they also pose like him, dress like him and follow him like the Messiah.

"It's a compliment, sure, but while I'm still here there is no point in copying everything I do and dress like me and tease your hair in the same way. But sometimes I dig listening to those guys."

One reason why many people have identified with Mr. Richards is because of his down-to-earth image, as opposed to the glittery one that Jagger puts forward ... the millionaire superstar bit.

"Mick has got a million roles that he works, plays and uses very well, but he plays it up purposely because in actual fact he doesn't believe in it," he said in defense of his Dartford companion. "He's not about to believe in it because the anchor is still there and he knows it. I think it's something that he uses to deal with a situation at the time. So he plays it up." He pulls out another Marlboro and then continues.

"Like anybody else it was quite possible for me to go off the handle like Elton John and Rod Stewart and really believe and play the millionaire star trip. It would be very easy to do, but apart from the circumstances and things I went through I kept face to face with reality, mainly in the shape of a judge or a policeman. And that, as a kind of anchor, brought me down to everybody else's level, really, because I was made very much aware that as far as they were concerned I was a piece of shit that they wanted to see behind bars. So I had that one to keep me fairly realistic."

Analysis in the chemistry lab showed that every Stone has a strong individual identity, something which has been accepted over the years by their followers and something which other bands haven't been able to deal with *and* remain together. For instance, Jagger does films, Keith takes care of the musical side of the Stones and get involved in the New Barbarians with Ronnie Wood. Woody does his solo albums, so does Bill.

©Russell C. Turiak

Keith Richards: "As far as they were concerned I was a piece of shit that they wanted to see behind bars."

And Charlie Watts involved himself in the Rocket 88 project together with the invisible yet very faithful sixth Stone, Ian Stewart. On that basis it is surprising that the Stones still exist. But there again they're unique.

"I think this band is still in existence," says Keith "because everybody gives enough room to everybody else in the band. Nobody has ever sat on anybody or gotten into anybody's case. Charlie and Bill are the kind of guys who like to keep themselves to themselves. Nobody tries to change that. Everybody respects each other's need for what their personality requires. You know,

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Bill Wyman: "I don't think Mick understands me as much as I understand him."

like what Ronnie and I do, Bill and Charlie will say, 'I don't know how he can live like that.' That is a fact."

This, however, may be argued, since it has been quite visible over the years that there had been some personal clashes or misunderstandings in the Stones. For instance, Mick Taylor, who is now suing the Stones for alleged non-payment of recording royalties, had

"It's really all a sideline to me. When the tour is over and the record is done I just won't think about it for another six months."

often mentioned that some tunes which he wrote for the Stones weren't credited to him.

"Obviously he didn't write enough of them for me to give him credit," Jagger told me last year when I had stressed on that subject. "But people always moan when they leave a band."

Why had Mick Taylor left the Stones? "He got bored, I think. A lot of people objected to Mick Taylor because there was too much just solo/rhythms. Keith got sort of lazy. Know what I mean?" Etc., etc., etc. After Taylor's departure there has been some sarcastic comments like "It won't be difficult for us to find another tall, blond guitarist," from the Stones camp.

More recently there has been the famous "Bill Wyman To Leave The Stones" story. It all started through an interview, when Wyman talked to a journalist a bit too freely. The whole thing got out of hand, and people immediately interpreted it that Wyman wanted to leave the Stones. At the time, early 1980, the whole thing was taken so seriously by the remaining Stones that when I asked Jagger how he felt about it he replied, "I don't think it was a joke. He seems to be quite serious about it, which is alright with me. I don't mind. If Bill wants to leave the band, I mean that's OK with me. I'm not ... I mean what can I do?" Try and persuade him from leaving.

"You can't really. If people want to leave a band they just do. You don't prevent them."

You don't get on very well with Bill do you?

"No, it's not that. We both have different approaches to things and we think differently about things. We also lead different lifestyles. That's all."

More and more questions in that vein followed, and Jagger was serious about it. But since that time all hatchets had been buried and peace reigned once again in the Stones. Bill Wyman, now 45, takes it up from here. I asked if he and Mick played these little tiffs up purposely, for publicity.

"Me and Mick?" his voice getting a bit bawly. "No we don't play them up. I don't think Mick understands me as much as I understand him. I don't think the band has ever been sure about me because I'm so stable, so oridinary and normal and I like to be on my own when I'm not working. I don't phone and all that. They seem to be unsure of me or have been.

"I think they know now that the band is a plus to me and not a minus and that I'm not resentful and I'm not vindictive. I don't know whether they felt threatened or disappointed. It was just that I like my privacy and I can't hang out all night just listening to music and jamming like they can. I can't live exactly their way of life. So they think I don't want to be part of it and that's difficult because I do, but I just can't be like that. I would say that Woody's, Keith's and Mick's lives are fairly similar. Charlie's is slightly different, but he will adapt to theirs when he's away from home because he's got nothing else he wants to do."

What do you want to do?

"I find hanging out and listening to music and jamming all night reasonably non-productive. I find time very valuable. It's like here (on the farm), they'll hang out in Keith's room playing music or sitting around getting drunk. I'd rather be in here learning my computer. They probably think, 'Maybe he doesn't like to hang out with us.' or 'he doesn't come to my room in the hotel after the gig. He goes to bed.' "

It is somehow rather difficult to imagine that after 20 years they still haven't discovered what a person's life is like.

"We love each other," he insisted. "I mean we've all got faults, and if you have been together for 18 years you all know each other's faults and some of us are embarrassed about showing our faults to the others. My fault is that I can't hang out, and I must have my privacy. And they joke about it. Anyway, I think that since that thing came out in the press about me retiring I made it obvious to them that I wasn't leaving and that it was all bullshit. We're really as friendly as it's ever been. No problems."

The last question goes to Jagger again. It is about survival. Over the years many people who have worked with the Stones or have been associated with them did go over the top or lose their senses or commit suicide. Jagger kept sane and managed to control things. What is the secret?

"It's the example of seeing other people do it. You know I could well go over the top at any moment," he admitted. "I can misbehave very badly but I don't particularly want to get busted anymore. It's so dull. I'm finished with that, and I want to do something else now, without getting busted. I'd say that as you get older ... obviously many people stay together through their 20s in whatever they do and even then you see some of them dying or suiciding or going crazy or dropping out and not being very together. So you see that happening and you think 'That's never gonna happen to me because I'm 20.' And then there is a certain point where you think 'I'd better be careful' and you consciously distance yourself from that kind of thing. You don't do that anymore because you know that that is not an honorable thing to do. It doesn't frighten me. You just know that you can't do it."

What frightens you? New York?

"New York doesn't frighten me very much, he said," answered Jagger in the third person. "Yeah it's frightening. But ... it's ... I don't know ... I've just been lucky I suppose."□

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

The End Is Nothing, The Road Is All

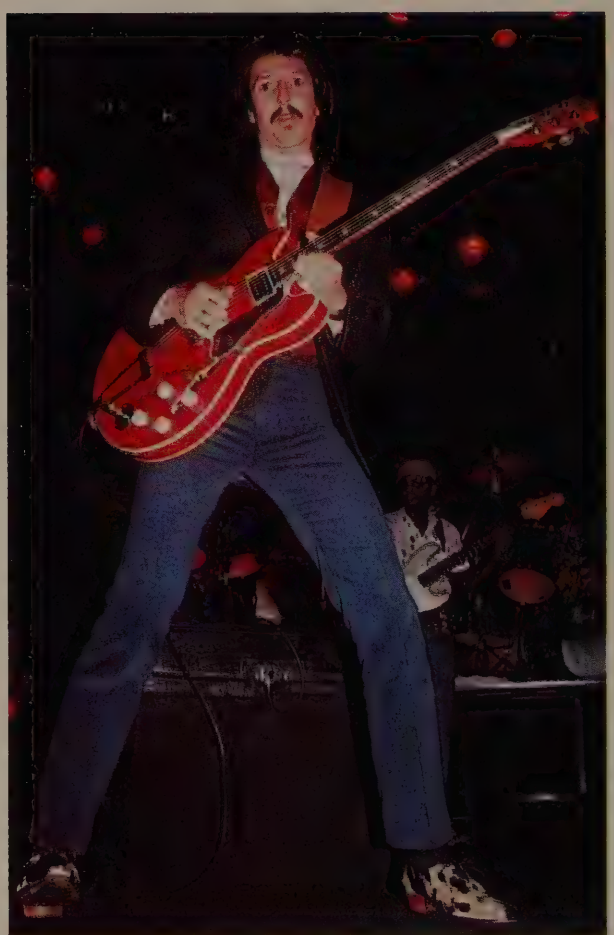
by David Gans

As they enter their second decade of hitmaking, the ever-changing Doobie Brothers are taking it to the stage with their strongest and most mature lineup of musical talent to date. As drummer/vocalist Keith Knudsen puts it, "I've always wanted to be able to say this, and now I can: This is the first version of the Doobies that I feel totally comfortable with. We all like each other and enjoy playing together, and our worst nights now are better than some of the best nights we had several years ago."

The band began with the 1970s as a rough-and-tumble rock outfit determined to show its delicate side and they ended the decade as one of pop music's most ambitious and successful bands. Throughout their career, however, the Doobie Brothers have been plagued with personnel changes and personal problems. At the very moment **Minute By Minute** began its climb to quadruple platinum status in 1979, the band actually broke up during an Asian tour. "Keith and I grabbed a condominium in Maui," recalls keyboardist/vocalist Michael McDonald, "and Patrick (Simmons, guitarist/vocalist and the only remaining original Doobie Brother) went to Tahiti."

"We met in Waikiki for dinner on our way home, and we decided to put a new band together," says Simmons, picking up the story. "We didn't know whether it would be the Doobie Brothers or something new."

The addition of drummer Chet McCracken, guitarist and all-around stringsman John McFee, and saxophonist/keyboardist/vocalist Cornelius Bumpus has helped solidify the smooth, eclectic pop direction the band took when smoky-voiced heartthrob McDonald joined three years before. The progression is evident in the selections on the current **Best of the Doobies Volume II**: *Little Darling (I Need You), Echoes of Love* and *You Belong To Me*, from **Livin' On The Fault Line**; *Dependin' On You, Here To Love You*, the Grammy-winning *What A Fool Believes*, and the title track from **Minute By Minute**; and, from **One Step Closer**, *Real Love, One By One*, and the title song.



Pat Simmons: "We're putting more energy into the music and less energy into the crazy stuff."

Keith Knudsen spent three weeks in a hospital at the start of 1981, "cleaning up after 15 years of drinking and doing drugs," he says. "A lot of people can't handle success, and I'd been screaming for help for a long time. I just couldn't stop." He emerged from the experience healthy and ready to work, and he dove right into the band's preparations for the 1981 season. "I'm playing better than I have in years," he says, "and I'm singing better, too. I'm lucky to have people who love me enough to have forced me to get help."

"When we went to get Keith at the hospital, the counselor explained a few things about what he had gone through," says Mike McDonald, "and I realized that he might as well have been talking about me.

"I always adhered to the idea, 'never an unexpressed thought.' The mouth that roared! If I had a beer, all I wanted was ten more. I just can't be a social drinker," he says.

"You go backstage and experience all these things that you've dreamed of for years — people coming up to you saying, 'I love your music, I love the band, it's such a pleasure to meet you' — and then all of a sudden you're locking a motel-room door behind you. There's nobody in there; you hung out in the bar until the last person was gone, and now you're alone with yourself. You don't want to be human anymore — you want to be this imaginary thing, this *Michael McDonald*, who people think you are."

With the support of his friends and the inspiration of a great band, Mike has been playing it straight this year. "I'm singing better and playing with more accuracy than I have since I was 20 years old," he says.

If bassist Willie Weeks has a vice, it's a pretty tame one. "I have a large telephone bill, because I call home a lot," he says. "And I go home as often as I can."

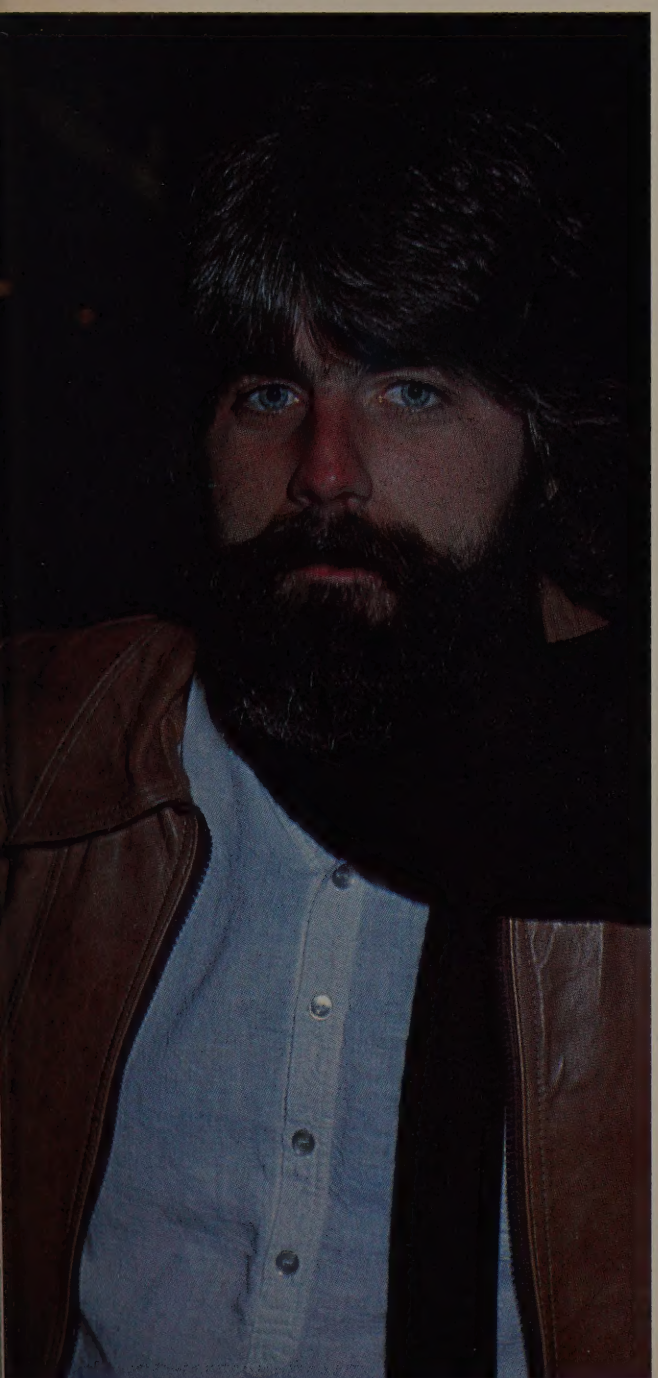
"Then all of a sudden you're locking a motel-room door behind you, and now you're alone with yourself. You don't want to be human anymore — you want to be this imaginary thing, this *Michael McDonald*, who people think you are."

Willie's wife, Victoria, joined the summer '81 tour halfway through, flying in from their home in Fort Wayne, Indiana. "It's nice to be with a band that can afford to bring the family along," Willie grins.

Willie is the newest Doobie Brother, replacing Tiran Porter. "When it was clear that Ti wasn't going to change his mind about quitting, we called Willie Weeks," explains Keith. "We knew that he wasn't fond of going on the road, but he's the guy we wanted so we asked him anyway."

"The kids all went crazy when he told us he'd been asked to join the Doobie Brothers," laughs Victoria. "They all said, 'you'd better do it!' "

"It's a real honor for us," adds Keith. "He's a sweetheart and a great player. He's added a whole lot to our sound."



Michael McDonald: "If I had a beer, all I wanted was ten more. I just can't be a social drinker."

Chet McCracken had dreamed of working in a two-drummer band. "I was finally starting to make a good living as a musician in Los Angeles and be accepted by my peers," he says. "I had a great jazz gig at night and I was doing film, commercial and record sessions. I heard Mike McDonald was looking for me, and within a few days I had a new job."

McCracken has helped to solidify the Doobies' rhythm section, and his work on vibes and marimbas adds to the jazzy feel of the band. He cowrote the instrumental, *South Bay Strut*, on **One Step Closer**. "The satisfaction of hearing my song performed by this great band is the bottom line," he says.

For John McFee, joining the Doobie Brothers ended a long period of frustration that reached back to the 1960s. John was a member of Clover, one of the San Francisco Sound's most versatile and underrated bands. To make a long story short, Clover made two albums in the U.S. and two in England, backed Elvis Costello on his debut album, and came back to the States — where they broke up after John got an offer he couldn't refuse. "We were *grooving* on our music, but I didn't have any money to pay the rent or feed my family," John says. Keith Knudsen thought of his friend McFee immediately when the Doobies reformed, but it was their wives who made the connection.

"If I could have picked a band to join, it would have been the Doobie Brothers," John says enthusiastically. "It has felt so right to me since I first started playing with them."

Bobby LaKind has been an "honorary" Doobie since he contributed congas to **Takin' It To The Streets.** He has played and sung background on every Doobie album and tour since 1976, and he was made a full partner early in 1981. "A Doobie Brothers record without conga drums on it wouldn't be a Doobie Brothers record," he says, and his comrades hasten to concur. "Bobby makes us define our parts a little more," says Chet, "and that has helped me grow musically."

Cornelius Bumpus' life has been intertwined with that of the Doobie Brothers for 24 years. That long ago he played saxophone in a jazz band in his native Santa Cruz, California, that also included Ted Templeman (who has produced every Doobie Brothers album) on trumpet. Corny played saxophones and keyboards in the last incarnation of Moby Grape, the band that inspired Pat Simmons and Tom Johnston at the inception of the Doobies. As is the case with McFee, Corny's particular combination of skills proved perfect for the needs of the Doobies in the '80s. In addition to his vivid reed and organ work, his distinctive voice has added a new dimension to the band. His *Thank You, Love*, on **One Step Closer**, showcases this voice and gentle jazz style.

For Pat Simmons, it's been a long haul. He's kept this train a-rollin' through some pretty trying times, and he feels that the current Doobie lineup is the strongest it's been in years. "We're putting more energy into our music and less energy into the crazy stuff. We still get crazy," he adds with a wink, "but not so much that it takes away from the music. We're still a pretty eccentric bunch of guys."□

Caught IN THE Act

by Rob Patterson

DEF LEPPARD BLACKFOOT

It was one of those nights in rock and roll when you feel like you're at a title bout. The audience relates to the event physically — howling and punching accents to what unfolds before them. The match goes the full, grueling fifteen rounds; the audience ends up the real winner.

Pairing Britain's youthful bright-light of heavy metal bands — Def Leppard — with the leather-lunged Southern rockers, Blackfoot, may seem initially incongruous, but their audiences seemed to share affinities which the bands displayed onstage. Def Leppard's basic reference points are Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, but guitarists Pete Willis and Steve Clark interlock with a high-low end mesh similar to Lynyrd Skynyrd's Rossington and Collins, who are no strangers to the tougher breeds of British rock themselves. On the other hand, Blackfoot is an intertwined part of the Skynyrd legacy and sound (actually predating Skynyrd in Jacksonville), and their show leaned toward some of the extended instrumental fury and stampeding delivery of true heavy metal.

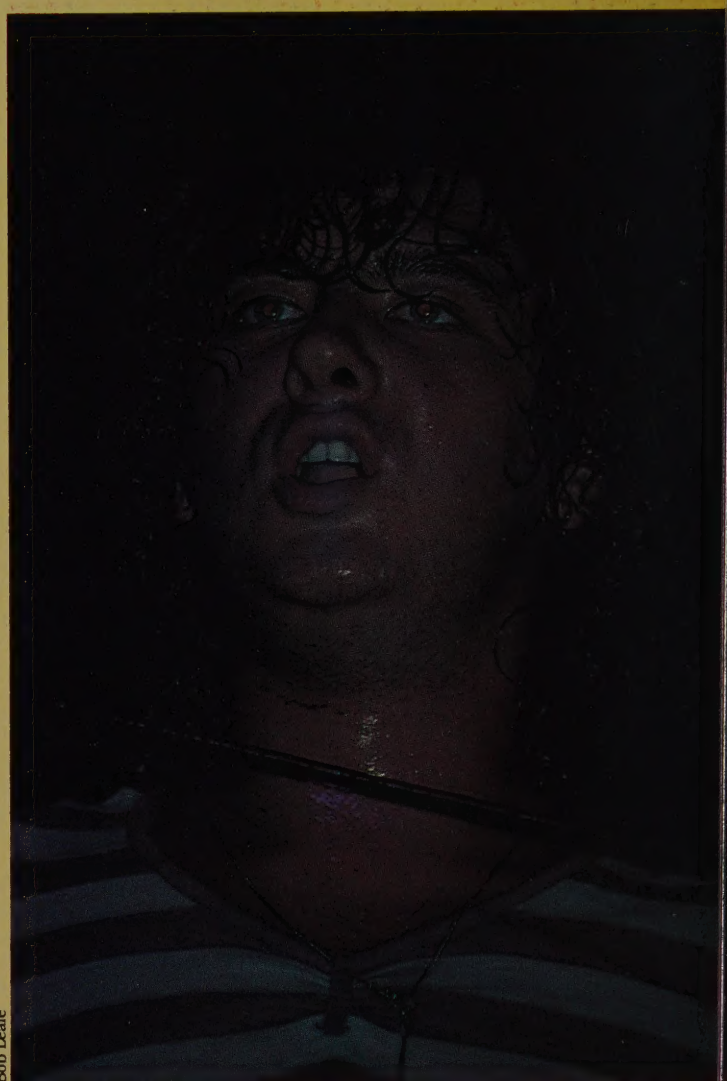
But what puts both bands in the contenders' corner is their songs. Leppard lept on stage with *On Through The Night*. From the first note they delivered tight, muscular punches without stopping to see the damage or engaging in any gratuitous fancy footwork.

Songs like *Another Hit and Run* and *High 'n' Dry (Saturday Night)* (from their latest album) are the kind of solid lyric-melody combinations that hit your ear and aren't soon forgotten, and Leppard put their obviously abundant power into rendering the songs for their own sake, not as vehicles for riffing. When guitarist Steve Clark got off one of many terse but arresting solos, one could hear various inspirations, Jeff Beck, for one, in Clark's broad mastery and inventive approach — a warning to Eddie Van Halen to keep in practice.

Sticking to a visual show that highlighted their communal rather than solo efforts, Leppard stepped from the ring at mid-point looking like tomorrow's champs. They'll make it, too, as long as they can charge their delivery with the powerful hits they seem ready to write. Their playing all but begs to connect with an audience already climbing their chairs for the band. And lead singer Joe Elliott proves, with his vocal strength, that Def Leppard can indeed go the distance.

Blackfoot might already have won the champion's belt if not for some rough turns on a hard road. But singer/guitarist Rick Medlocke belies his missing lung with a booming and raw redneck voice. While Leppard stick to the tight one-two punch, Blackfoot go for the more active kill — double-punching extended leads like sparring warriors, flashing their fans with bright white lights for the full, stunning effect. Medlocke and Charlie Hargrett are formidable gunslinger guitarists, and the band's Native American rhythm section thunder with the fury of stampeding buffaloes. It was evident soon after Blackfoot took stage that the British youngsters weren't about to knock these feisty Southern boys out of the running.

Yet these obvious pros could take a hint from the tight combinations their openers displayed, because when Blackfoot put across such memorable material as *Gimme Gimme Gimme*, *Highway Song* and *Train*, they simply didn't need instrumental drama or theatrics. Their versions of Spirit's *I Got A Line On You* and Free's *Wishing Well* only reinforce Blackfoot's sure-footed song sense, a quality that takes a band beyond styles into a truly distinct musical arena. Leppard need only come up with material as catchy as Blackfoot's best, and Blackfoot can take a hint from Leppard's quick jabs and deliver their hits fast and furiously with all their obvious power. By the look of the punch-drunk audience that stumbled out after the last round, with a little polish on their sparring style both bands may soon meet for a rematch at Madison Square Garden.□



Bob Leafe

Lead singer Joe Elliott's vocal power will help Def Leppard win the heavyweight title.

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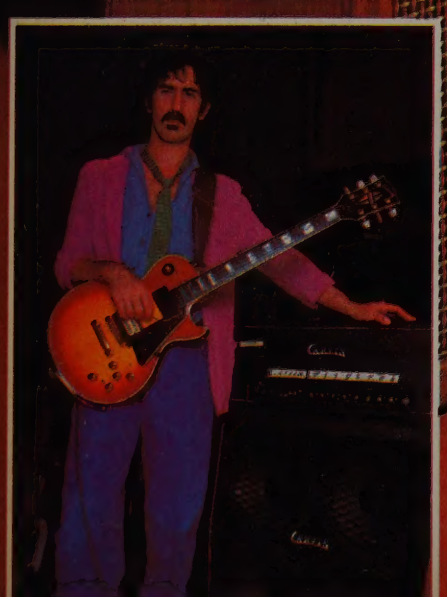

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